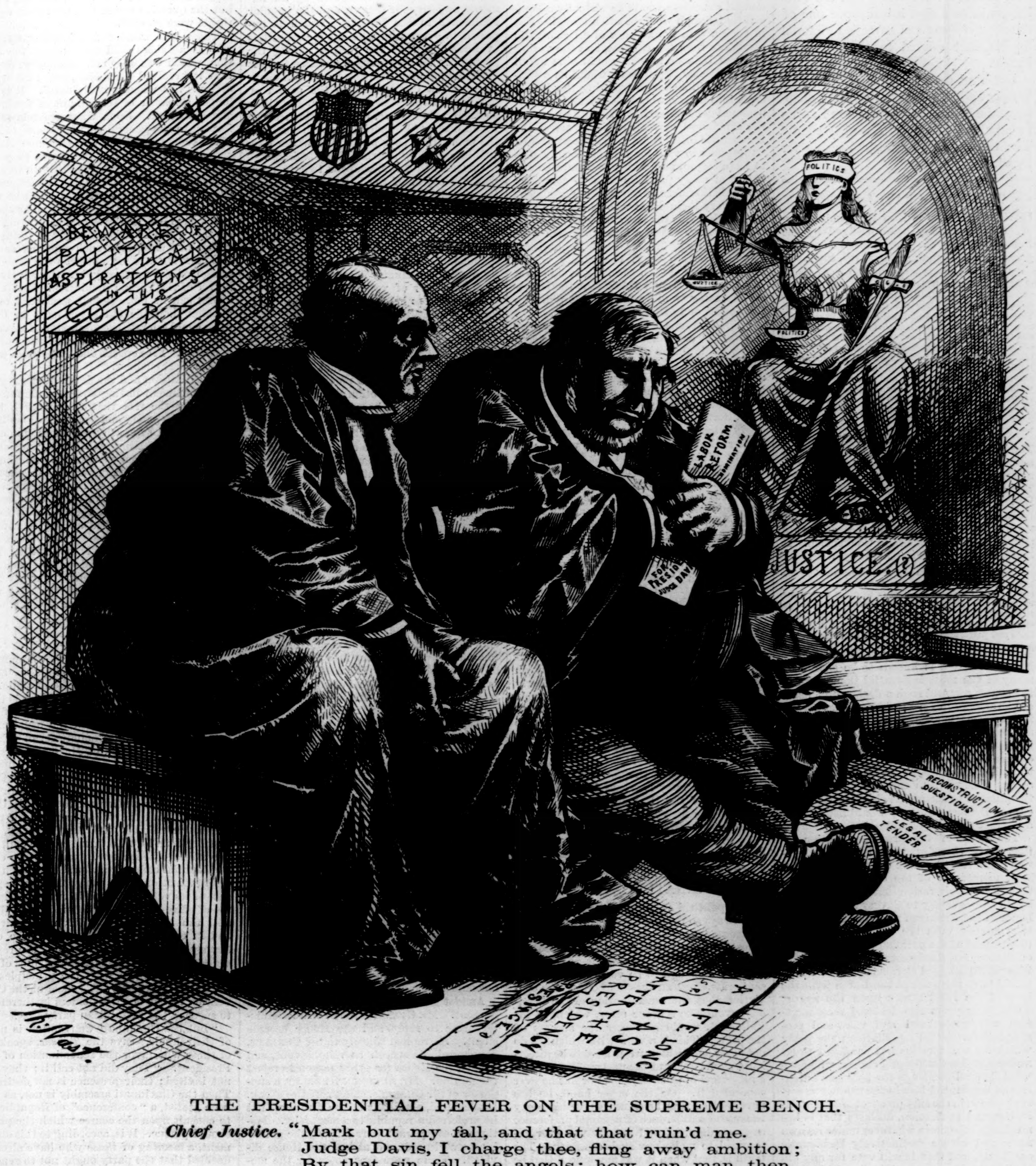
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XVI.—No. 797.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1872. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1872, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.


BEWARE OF POLITICAL ASPIRATIONS IN THIS COURT
POLITICS
JUSTICE
POLITICS
LABOR REFORM NOMINATION
FOR PRESID JUDGE DAV
JUSTICE.(?)
RECONSTRUCTION QUESTIONS
LEGAL TENDER
A LIFE LONG (S.P.) CHASE AFTER THE PRESIDENCY.
Th. Nast.

THE PRESIDENTIAL FEVER ON THE SUPREME BENCH.

Chief Justice. "Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Judge Davis, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?"—*Shakspeare.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1872.

DORÉ'S LONDON.

☞ THE publication of this magnificent PICTORIAL SERIAL will be commenced in the SUPPLEMENT sent out without extra charge with HARPER'S WEEKLY for April 13. Each number will be adorned with many beautiful and interesting illustrations by DORÉ, the greatest living master of the Picturesque in Art, with entertaining descriptions and thrilling sketches of London life prepared by BLANCHARD JERROLD. This splendid work, which is published in London at the price of two dollars a number, will be sent out GRATUITOUSLY with HARPER'S WEEKLY; and the Publishers believe that it will prove one of the most elegant and attractive Pictorial Serials ever offered to the American Public.

☞ THE next Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY will contain the opening chapter of the Third Book of GEORGE ELIOT'S fascinating Novel, "MIDDLEMARCH." The title of this part is, "Waiting for Death."

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

THE moral of the New Hampshire election is frankly acknowledged by the Democratic papers. The Chicago *Times*, the great Western organ of the party, says:

> "The defeat is abundantly compensated by the moral which it affords. This moral is embodied in the obvious deduction *that the Democratic party alone stands no shadow of a chance to prevent the re-election of* GRANT. The most hopelessly pig-headed Bourbon in the party must now recognize the fact *that the Democratic candidate for President could not carry more than one-third of the electoral vote.* It follows that the hope of rescuing the country from imperialism and corruption depends solely on the union of all the elements of opposition to secure this union, and to achieve a victory which it almost assures. *It is necessary that the Convention at Cincinnati shall recognize* the wide and spontaneous expressions of popular approval that have been elicited by the selection of the candidate which was made at Columbus."

The New York *World* echoes the strain. It advises its party friends not to appear in any way to dictate the action at Cincinnati. It declares its willingness to support Judge DAVIS, or Mr. TRUMBULL, or Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, should either of them be nominated at Cincinnati and afterward adopted by the Democratic Convention. It is the New York *World* which says:

> "The New Hampshire election, then, is chiefly important in that it insures the nomination of GRANT, and prepares men of all parties to unite their votes upon the Liberal Republican candidates, if such names shall be presented by the Cincinnati Convention as to command the confidence of Democrats in the good faith and patriotism of the movement for reform."

This opinion of the Chicago *Times* and the New York *World* is known to be shared by many of the most influential Democrats in the country. And such a declaration, made at the opening of a Presidential campaign, is a proclamation that the Democratic party, as such, may abandon the field. It does not, however, at present deliberately propose to disband. It would maintain its organization; but should it, as an organized party, accept a Republican candidate, and should the alliance to secure his election be defeated, the Democratic party would not rally as a distinct political organization.

The moral of the present condition of that party, therefore, is well worthy attention; and it will not be counted among the least memorable of the events of General GRANT'S administration that the party which by its subserviency to slavery disgraced the honor of the American name, and by its tacit sympathy with the rebellion aided the blow aimed at the national life; which sowed the seeds of the demoralization in our politics which all good citizens deplore; which would have reorganized the Union with the heel of the rebel States upon the negro; which four years ago declared reconstruction unconstitutional and void, and pronounced for virtual repudiation; the party which for a generation has pandered to ignorance and resisted equal rights; which reviled General GRANT in the field as a butcher, and denounced him in the cabinet as corrupt—now, in the sure prospect of his renomination and re-election, declares that it has no chance of success whatever under its own name and with a distinctively Democratic candidate, and that it will vote for any old abolitionist, for any "minion" or "hireling" of LINCOLN, for any man whose political character and career have shown a steady and contemptuous hostility to what are known as Democratic principles and policies, if by so doing it can only see a chance of defeating the soldier who finally crushed the rebellion, and the President whom it sees that the country trusts.

Since the abolition of slavery in this country there has been no fact so full of encouragement to every man who truly believes in the American principle as this spectacle of the decay of one of the most powerful and perilous of political organizations. Could the Democratic party have remained in power, the struggle between liberty and practical despotism, which was indeed cruel and bloody enough, would have been very much more desperate and doubtful; and the stability and prosperity of the future of this country were secured when the hold of that party upon popular sympathy was relaxed. We are not saying that it is not yet a menace. We are speaking only of the proposition of Democratic journals and politicians to "pass" a party nomination. It is the policy of "passivity" of which we speak, not of disorganization: the policy of recoiling for a better spring. That the election of a Cincinnati candidate would be virtually a Democratic triumph we have often stated. But in such a case the absence of a Democratic candidate from the canvass, and the voting of those Democrats who would vote at all for a confessed Republican, would be a situation which, although bringing the Democrats into power, would also bring in bitterness and demoralization. Yet the success of the Cincinnati movement would arrest the Democratic dissolution, which the expressed willingness to vote for a Republican shows to have begun, and which it should be the object of every patriotic man to complete. It should therefore be a conclusive argument with every Republican who inclines to Cincinnati that it is the last chance of the Democratic party. It is a favorite axiom with the New York *Tribune* that Republicans should ascertain what the enemy wishes them to do—and then carefully avoid doing it. Does the *Tribune* think that the Democratic enemy would rather see it going to Cincinnati or to Philadelphia?

"The Cincinnati Convention," truly says the *World*, "can amount to nothing, except so far as it draws away Republican votes from GRANT." But not the most zealous delegate to Cincinnati supposes that the nomination there, should one be made, will command a majority of the Republican vote. The alternative offered by the *World* is precisely what we mentioned some weeks ago. Either the Republican party will be so evenly divided that the Democrats may hopefully nominate a distinctive Democrat, which nobody believes, or their only chance of success will lie in an alliance of the entire opposition. But of that alliance the Democrats would be the chief and controlling element, and could the movement succeed, they would appropriate the triumph. Cincinnati is therefore the straw at which the drowning Democratic managers clutch. It is to dissatisfied Republicans that they turn to offer them a last chance of recovery. But the fate of the party is doubtless prefigured by that of its proudest and most perfect organization—Tammany Hall. As Tammany fell by its own corruption, so the party to which it belonged is falling by its own treachery to the great principles of liberty and equality. Twelve years ago, in its pride of power and its contempt of American manhood, with one hand it scourged the slave at the South, and with the other tried to tear out the free tongue of the North. And now, but not without blood and desolation and the sacrifice of the flower of American youth, the country is released from the terrible hold of the Democratic party, which has no hope for the future but in the Cincinnati Convention.

CHARLES SUMNER AND THE CINCINNATI CONVENTION.

THE political opinions of Senator SUMNER are always so frankly expressed that there is no excuse for misrepresenting them. If any report of them is sufficiently important to telegraph from Washington, it is certainly important enough to be verified before it is sent. Mr. SUMNER does not conceal his conviction that the renomination of the President would be a grave error, which, in his judgment, would endanger the success of the party. This is a view with which we do not agree, and which we believe to be directly opposed to that of the party. But it is not a new view of the Senator's, nor has he ever concealed it. On the other hand, he has never stated that he should leave his party because of a difference of personal preference as to candidates; and nobody was ever authorized to make any such assertion. The truth is, that when it was announced that he was going to Cincinnati, and had consented to preside at the Convention, he had no intention of going to the Convention, and he had not been asked to preside over its deliberations. That such a tale should have been told by the telegraph, and that a leading Republican journal of his own city should have commented upon it, shows with what extreme caution statements of the opinions and words of public men must be received.

In our judgment the only theory upon which CHARLES SUMNER could take part in the Cincinnati Convention would be the prospect that its action would influence that at Philadelphia not to renominate the President. If he thought this possible he might go to the Convention, without binding himself, however, to support its action should it seem to him to threaten the success of his own party. But that he should think such a result possible is highly improbable. Mr. SUMNER has seen, with the rest of us, the recovery of New Hampshire upon a GRANT platform, and the virtually unanimous instructions of the delegates by the various State Conventions to support GRANT. He has seen such signs as the Republican vote in the old Lancaster district in Pennsylvania, the district of THADDEUS STEVENS, which instructed its delegates by an immense majority for GRANT, and the popular confidence in the President, which is apparent to every man who has opportunities of knowing what the feeling among the people is. In the presence of these facts it is hardly possible that any man should suppose that a Convention, to the action of which the Democrats confess that they look as their sole chance, should influence the Republicans at Philadelphia not to nominate the man whom they prefer, and whom they will be generally instructed to nominate.

CHARLES SUMNER, who for twenty years was the object of the hatred, the ridicule, the threats, and murderous assaults of the slave power—who has powerfully and relentlessly exposed and denounced the conspiracy of the Democratic party against humanity and justice—who has smiled at every blandishment and every menace, must heartily despise the clumsy flattery of his Democratic revilers of yesterday, who hope to wheedle him to help the restoration of their party by assisting to destroy his own.

Every Republican, indeed, would be recreant to the principles of his party who should not honestly try to secure the nomination of the candidate that he prefers. But if his hostility to a party candidate is stronger than his devotion to the party success, it can only be because he thinks that the party may be wisely dissolved. If the report in regard to Senator SUMNER was invented as "a feeler," its reception has probably satisfied all concerned that they need not expect the country to believe that CHARLES SUMNER will pull the Democratic chestnuts out of the fire.

THE ENGLISH ORDER OF THE DAY.

THE future histories of England will record that on the 19th of March, 1872, Sir CHARLES DILKE rose in the House of Commons—the House of PYM, of HAMPDEN, and of CROMWELL—and, amidst a storm of groans and cheers, moved, in a firm and moderate tone of voice, an inquiry into the expenses of the British crown. His motion recounted in detail the various items of court expenditure (including fees on installations) for robes, collars, badges, royal presents, the conveyance of distinguished personages, funerals of the royal family, expense of the coronation, of the building and repairing of palaces, court ceremonies, allowances to trumpeters, watermen, marshals, and chamberlains, and for the services of the royal yachts for ten years; also calling for returns of the income of the duchies of Lancaster and Cornwall, and of the total amount paid to the Prince of Wales. Sir CHARLES DILKE, the historian will add, proceeded, amidst derisive laughter, to support his motion in a speech. He denounced sinecures and useless offices. He demanded by what right the Prince TECK and Prince ARTHUR occupied lodges in the public parks, why four royal yachts were maintained, and why thousands of pounds were annually lavished upon repairs of the old palace of St. James, the abandonment of which had long since been recommended.

Amidst great tumult the orator resumed his seat. Mr. GLADSTONE, the Prime Minister, arose to reply, and the House became silent. He replied sharply to Sir CHARLES, denounced his speech as mischievous, and begged the House for every reason to reject the motion. Mr. AUBERON HERBERT, a supporter of Sir CHARLES, endeavored to speak. He declared, amidst immense disorder, that he preferred a republic to a monarchy. Motions of every kind were offered, the galleries were cleared, and at last the House divided. There were four votes for the motion and two hundred and seventy-four against it. The result was hailed with shouts. The "mischievous" motion was ignominiously defeated. But England heard the derisive laughter. And such, will the historian write, was the first serious formal movement for a republic in the British Parliament.

It is not the vote upon the motion, it is the motion itself, which is significant. When such a proposition is seriously made in Parliament by a responsible member, whose speeches elsewhere have commanded serious attention, it is because it is supported by a powerful public sentiment. The motion of Sir CHARLES DILKE was the intelligence and sagacity of England asking why, in a country where the number of paupers is perilously increasing, the most useless political pageant should be maintained at enormous cost, and why hereditary legislators should be tolerated. Those are questions which, in communities of the English race, have but one answer. The inquiry of Sir CHARLES DILKE in England is akin to that of WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON in America forty years ago. Why should human slavery be tolerated in a free country? When it was once fairly asked, the answer was evident. There might be evasion, delay, riot, murder, war; but the question would be asked until equal rights were secured.

Those who wonder that Mr. GLADSTONE, who is a Liberal, did not support the motion, which was only one of inquiry, forget that it involved discussion, and that monarchy is lost when it is discussed. It is no longer a matter of reason, but of tradition and sentiment. Upon what grounds satisfactory to the general common-sense of England to-day could the vast ornamental and ceremonial expenses of the crown be justified? A hundred years ago EDMUND BURKE, indeed, moved for reforms and reductions in the same kind of expenditures. But he was an orthodox believer in royalty, and he spoke to a nation of believers. And yet, during the seventy years of this century, the influence which has postponed such motions as Sir CHARLES DILKE'S has not been the essential reason of the monarchy, but the surviving horror of the French revolution. Mr. GLADSTONE can no more permit monarchy to be debated than the old slave lords in Congress could tolerate the discussion of slavery. Night and silence were the conditions of its existence. Free speech and a free press were its deadliest enemies.

The diffusion and the depth of the republican sentiment in England are undoubtedly veiled by the fact that the monarch is a queen. The purity and propriety of her life; the personal sympathy with her domestic sorrows; the feeling akin to pity, which is only possible when monarchy is moribund, for the loneliness arising from the necessary isolation of a throne—all appeal to the sense of honor and the gallantry of the people. But the motion which the House of Commons derisively laughed at and scornfully voted down is not disposed of. It is the order of the day until it is settled. The contest of 1645 in England was between the crown and the Parliament. But, as MACAULAY long since declared, the next will be between Parliament and the people.

UNDER WHICH KING?

THE New York *Tribune* says, contemptuously, "The Federal office-holders have called *their* Convention to meet at Philadelphia in June." The assembly which is thus described is the National Convention of the Republican party, called in the usual manner by its National Committee, of which ex-Governor CLAFLIN, of Massachusetts, is chairman. It is the committee which was appointed as usual at the last National Convention, and it is the only body within the party which is authorized to call the Convention. Had the other members of that committee refused with Mr. GREELEY, the member from New York, to sign the call, the inevitable consequence, upon the eve of a Presidential campaign, would have been the disorganization of the party and the dispersion of its vote. Even if it were a committee of office-holders—which it is not—it is still the National Republican Committee, and in calling the Convention in the customary manner it summons, not the representatives of the office-holders, but of all citizens who agree with the principles of the Republican party. To sneer at the Convention as one of office-holders is, therefore, to sneer at the Republican party.

"But the Cincinnati Convention is none of their affair," says the *Tribune*, speaking of those who favor the renomination of the President. "They did not call it; they are not invited; their presence is not desired." Then the Cincinnati assembly is not, as has been stated, a "conference" of Republicans to consult upon the course which the party should pursue. It is, according to this statement, a meeting of those who have already decided that the party ought not to renominate the President. It is, if the implication be correct, a Convention of Republicans who propose to act independently of the regular party action. This is their undoubted right; but let it be distinctly understood. The *Tribune* says, substantially, that the Republicans who do not mean to support the probable nominations at Philadelphia are to go to Cincinnati. Their part, according to the *Tribune*, is already taken. If their numbers are large and their character imposing, and if, therefore, fearing the consequences of a bolt, the Philadelphia Convention should abandon the candidate it prefers, then the Cincinnati gentlemen will consider. But if the Republican Convention nominates the candidate whom it believes to be the choice of the party, then will the Cincinnati gentlemen acquiesce? Do they mean to confer, or have they already decided? If they mean to confer, why are not the Republicans who wish the nomination to be admitted, that they may reason and be reasoned with? But if the Cincinnati gentlemen have already decided not to acquiesce should the Philadelphia nomination displease them, then they are resolved to divide the party upon a point of personal preference.

In view of the actual situation it can not be assumed that the *Tribune* believes that the great mass of the party will sustain the movement at Cincinnati. For if that were so, if the opinion of the party were favorable to that movement, the meeting at Cincinnati would be unnecessary, for that opinion could control the action at Philadelphia. It is plainly because of the settled conviction that the overwhelming majority of the party will assemble at Philadelphia that the Convention at Cincinnati is urged. The insistence is a confession that it is a minority movement. Then, of course, it can succeed only by an alliance. And an alliance with whom? There is but one answer. All roads lead to Rome, and the reply to every question suggested by the Cincinnati movement is that it is for the benefit of the Democratic party.

The *Tribune* is very bitterly opposed to the President and his supporters. It stigmatizes the Republican party in sneering at its Convention. There is no doubt that its course for many weeks has been more useful to the Democratic party than all the Democratic papers and orators in the country. It is playing a desperate game, and, in our judgment, it is imperiling the great cause of which it has so long been one of the most powerful supporters. We have no right to attribute to it unworthy motives, because by that kind of warfare nothing is gained, and insinuation is a boomerang which is not always sure to hurt the enemy. But although the course of the *Tribune* is profoundly regretted by many of the truest Republicans in the country, while in others it excites the utmost indignation, it is only exercising in its own extraordinary way its undoubted right to procure the defeat of a nomination which it considers unwise, if not fatal to the party. But we are slow to believe that when the issue is fairly joined the New York *Tribune* will be found battling against the Republican party, with all its traditions and principles unchanged. For the defeat of that party, either by dividing its vote or by an alliance with the Democrats, could have no other result than to prolong the life and power of a party which in every distinctive policy and principle the *Tribune* has always most strenuously and sincerely opposed.

TWO VIEWS.

In the debate in the House of Representatives upon the subsidy to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, Mr. Sargent, of California, truly said that it showed the two views of government which prevail in this country, as in every other. In fact, it involved the question of the proper function of government. The debate arose upon a clause in the Post-office Appropriation bill granting five hundred thousand dollars for steamship service between San Francisco, Japan, and China. Mr. Conger, of Michigan, moved an amendment that the subsidy should be one million of dollars, provided that the service was performed semi-monthly in ships of American construction; and Mr. Farnsworth, of Illinois, moved a further amendment that ships of foreign construction might be used. A very animated five-minutes debate, as it is called, followed. The arguments upon both sides were simple and urgent, but the substance of each was the same.

In favor of the appropriation it was alleged that our commerce had been driven from the ocean; that an opportunity of commanding the trade of the East upon the Pacific was now offered to us in the overtures of Japan, and by the fact of our situation and internal improvements; that the trade must begin immediately, yet that it demanded ships of great size and cost; that the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, which was already established upon the route, was ready to do whatever is required, but that its ability had been diminished by the subsidies granted to the Pacific Railroad, which had diverted trade: in a word, it was contended that here was an immense advantage offered to us which could be secured at a small outlay, and would be lost if the outlay were refused—an advantage of a kind which Great Britain had bought at enormous cost, and which, if lost, involved a decline of what ought to be, in a maritime country, a chief industry, and which would compel American trade to be prosecuted under a foreign flag.

On the other hand it was argued that the tariff was already a subsidy to certain interests, and that it was the tax upon ship-building materials which drove our commerce from the sea; that subsidies are in themselves unjust, and that the claims of what are called enterprise, national honor, and the protection of the American laborer were merely fine names bestowed upon appropriations of the public money to private greed; that the proposition was a move in the game of stocks, and that it was but the beginning of a series of "grabs" at the national treasury, each one of which would have as good reason as this; that the proposition belonged to the category of class or special legislation, and that all those who honestly believed such legislation to be unsound in principle must sternly resist the beginnings of evil. Party divisions were lost in the debate. Democrats declared for the subsidy, and Republicans were willing to employ foreign ships.

To the general reader the interest of the debate lay in the vital question of the function of government. Those who supported the appropriation really asserted that government is a positive and not a merely negative institution; that the majority of a people associated in a political society may properly foster private interests, if they are of such a nature and exist under such conditions that a great and general public advantage, or promotion of all private interests, may be reasonably expected to follow. Those who opposed the appropriation substantially declared that the object of government is the security of individual freedom and consequent enterprise; that the private interests and sagacity of a people will teach them both what is really profitable, and how the profit may be most economically obtained; that no interest and no combination of interests should be allowed to foster or hamper any other, because experience shows that it will be selfishly done; and that, in fine, even if it could be plausibly shown that in some instances such special action might be desirable, the abuses of such a concession would be so sure and so enormous that it is wiser to refuse inflexibly in every instance.

But every thoughtful student of politics will probably agree that Bacon's axiom is of universal application: the rule should be moderation, but excess is sometimes well. There can be no safe Procrustean principle in government. The skill of the statesman is shown in nothing more than in the instinct when to violate a generally wise tendency. Even the most stringent disciples of the Bentham school agree that society or government may, within certain limits, properly provide for the education of the people. And if one exception is tolerable, the principle of exceptions—namely, the common welfare—is conceded. But who shall judge what the common welfare demands but the collective people? The debate was interesting, if not conclusive; and the vote, although it was very close, being eighty-seven ayes against ninety-two nays, was very significant. It was not a party vote, for the leaders of both parties were divided. But it showed a disposition to restrict the grants of public money and lands, which have been too freely lavished by Congress upon all kinds of enterprises. It was indeed impossible, in speeches limited to five minutes, to explain sufficiently the great reasons which favor and those which forbid such legislation. But they were at least indicated, and the result shows unmistakably the present inclination of Congress.

PERSONAL.

Although Chief Justice Chase occasionally appears upon the bench of the Supreme Court, the observer can not fail to be impressed with the belief that he is a confirmed invalid. His eye seems to have lost some of its lustre, and his voice lacks the strong, sonorous ring that marked it of old. The drudgery and details of his office are said to have always been irksome to him—the most so of any that he has been called upon to perform during his public life. Judge Chase's first public employment was as School Examiner in Cincinnati, in 1839. In 1840 he was a City Councilman, and, having survived that, soon entered upon national politics, and has since been almost constantly in public service.

—It has never been officially settled who killed Tecumseh, but General Sanderson, who died recently at Lancaster, Ohio, testified that the Kentucky troops skinned him.

—In the Senate of the United States there are not many members conspicuous for classical attainments. The two who are perhaps most conspicuous in that respect are Senators Sumner and Thurman. In the House the three who are said to be best up in the Greek particle, and that sort of thing, are General Garfield, S. S. Cox, and Mr. Hoar, of Massachusetts. General G. is said to be as much at home in Horace as was the late Henry Winter Davis.

—In the House of Representatives the two members who stand alphabetically at the head of the roll, and lead off when the ayes and noes are called, are Ames, of Massachusetts, and Archer, of Maryland. A few days since, when the name of Ames was called on the St. Croix Railroad bill, Archer, in his haste to vote "no," voted on Ames's name; whereupon Congressman Cox exclaimed:

> "Insatiate Archer! will not *one* suffice?"

The House laughed, and thought one would do.

—"Call me pet names" is a phrase as endearingly applied in Congress as in the domestic circle. In the House of Representatives, among the reporters, the Hon. James Brooks, of this city, is affectionately alluded to as "Old Rivulets."

—Mr. Wilbur F. Storey, of the Chicago *Times*, is fortunate in being able to say that his paper has made more money in three months since the fire than in any one year previous. He expects to cover his losses in two years, and have a better building than he lost.

—M. Guizot, now in his eighty-fifth year, and in good health, has just received another high distinction. The prize of 20,000 francs, given every two years by the French Academy to the author of the best literary works, has been awarded to him for his "History of France" and his "Memoirs." He has devoted this sum to the foundation of another prize of 3000 francs to be given every three years for the best work on the history of French literature, or on the life and writings of one of the great authors of France. He still gets 1500 francs ($300) for any article he is willing to write for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

—M. Catacazy finds critics even at home. The St. Petersburg correspondent of the London *Telegraph*, writing under date of February 10, says: "M. Catacazy is well known here as a man of a certain ability, but with principles of very doubtful character. It must be said to the honor of the Czar that he put forward serious objections against Catacazy's appointment to Washington when it took place. Gortschakoff, however, was not actuated by such delicate feelings, but pushed his favorite forward at all hazards." It is reported that Catacazy is to go to Vienna.

—It is among the curious coincidences of politics that Charles Sumner took his seat in the United States Senate as successor of Daniel Webster on the 1st of December, 1851, the same day on which Henry Clay appeared in the Senate for the last time.

—Judge David Davis, of the Supreme Court, the candidate of the Labor party—"the poor man's party," as some call it—for the Presidency, is the wealthiest man that has ever been put in nomination, being worth not less than three millions of dollars. He never did any manual labor, hence, probably, his nomination; nor is he the kind of man to squander one or two millions to win the Executive Mansion. He went early in life to Illinois, and became one of that remarkable body of young men who congregated in and about Springfield, consisting of Abraham Lincoln, Edward I. Baker (of whom it is told that when a boy of twelve or so he went home crying one day, and told his mother that the other boys taunted him because he could never be President, he being of English birth), Dick Yates, the Ingersolls, and others. Davis and Lincoln were warm friends, and soon became law partners. The larger portion of Judge Davis's fortune is said to be the result of successful money-lending and shrewd land speculation. In Chicago he has large possessions.

—"Mrs. Partington," with that astuteness that has always characterized her, is anxious to know what all this land-grant business means. She says that in her neighborhood the women are as one man—they want to land Grant in the White House again.

—Apropos of Mr. Brand, the new presiding officer of the House of Commons, there were curious formalities that had to be gone through with before he assumed the full powers of his office. After election by the House he was conducted to the chair by the gentlemen who proposed and seconded him. He then received the congratulations of the Prime Minister, who announced that on the following Monday the Queen would receive the Speaker elect, as until her Majesty had signified her approbation of the election the House could not proceed with its business. Next, in pursuance of time-hallowed custom, the Speaker elect was summoned to the House of Lords to hear the commission appointed by her Majesty declare their approval of his election. The ceremony, although brief, was made impressive by the dignity of manner which was displayed by the chief actors in it. After the Lord Chancellor had expressed her Majesty's confidence in the ability and industry of the right honorable gentleman, and declared her confirmation of his election as Speaker, Mr. Brand submitted himself to the pleasure of the Queen, and expressed, according to ancient form, his trust that, if he inadvertently fell into error in the discharge of his duties, the blame should be attributed to him and not to the assembly; and having uttered this aspiration, he and his supporters retired from the bar. The Speaker, who had appeared in the House of Lords dressed in a black court suit and bob wig, now attired himself in his full official costume and full-bottomed wig, and took his seat with all the dignity appertaining to his office. Although Mr. Brand is not an old man—only fifty-seven—this can be said of him: he is a good man—he has nine children; four boys, five girls.

—The impending Connecticut election, in which so many present and prospective statesmen are about to precipitate themselves, will probably have no candidate for legislative fame like Sir George Cornwall Lewis, eminent alike in the literature and politics of Great Britain. One of the odd subjects with which he occupied his leisure was an examination into the truth of reported cases of longevity, which, according to his custom, he doubted or disbelieved. This subject was uppermost in his mind while pursuing his canvass of Herefordshire in 1852. On applying to a voter one day for his support he was met by a decided refusal. "I am sorry," was the candidate's reply, "that you can't give me your vote; but perhaps you can tell me whether any body in your parish has died at an extraordinary age!"

—The young Russian count who set the people of Amherst, Massachusetts, by the ears last year by his romantic attempt to cart off and marry Miss Lester, the rich and beautiful niece of Professor Tyler, has come back again, true as steel to his lady-love, and she equally true to him. He was treated in a cold-shoulder sort of way by the professor, who told him to go right away, and not come back again under a year, nor then, unless with papers adorned with tape, sealing-wax, etc., testifying to his being an honest count. He has returned with the stationery, and now desires that Miss Lester shall change "her local habitation and her name."

—A well-informed literary man writes from Berlin to the Cincinnati *Volksblatt* that the rejoicings of our people at the appointment of Baron d'Offenberg as successor to Catacazy are premature. He, moreover, expresses the belief that Offenberg will soon reveal himself to be a new and improved edition of Catacazy. Gortschakoff resisted the election of Prince Charles of Hohenzollern as Hospodar of Roumania. It was by no means agreeable to the cabinet of St. Petersburg to see, on the banks of the Routh, the rise of a homogeneous and almost entirely independent state, with a population of no less than five millions and a half. When all the efforts of the Russian chancellor to frustrate this arrangement proved fruitless, he sent Baron d'Offenberg, one of his most adroit agents, to Bucharest. Baron d'Offenberg had very brief and clear instructions: to keep up in every possible way an agitation against the new state, not to allow in it the rise of any new points for the crystallization of durable institutions, and to bring about, at any cost, a state of affairs that would prove to Europe that the new state was not vital. Offenberg acquitted himself of his arduous task with extraordinary skill. It may be difficult for a man of such talent as a botherer to remain idle in Washington. Catacazy could not, and so waded out of the country.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

In the United States Senate, March 18, Mr. Conkling's resolution calling for a list of the recommendations to office made by the Senators from New York, Missouri, Illinois, and Nebraska, was passed, with an amendment adding Indiana. The President signed a bill, March 19, authorizing the survey and making of the boundary between the territory of the United States and the possessions of Great Britain, from the Lake of the Woods to the summit of the Rocky Mountains. In the Senate, March 19, a bill was passed directing the Secretary of the Treasury to pay $190,000 prize-money to the officers and crew of the *Kearsarge*. In the House it was resolved to commence the fiscal year on January 1. On the same day a petition from 4000 persons in California, asking for the enfranchisement of women in the Territories and the District of Columbia, was referred to the Judiciary Committee of the House. In the House, March 20, the amendment to the Post-office Appropriation bill, giving $1,000,000 instead of $500,000 subsidy to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, was defeated by a vote of 92 nays to 87 ayes. The Chicago Relief bill, as reported by the Finance Committee, was passed in the Senate the same day.

Ex-Judge James R. Whiting died at Spuyten Duyvil, March 16, aged sixty-nine years.

The town of Laurel, Indiana, was nearly destroyed by fire, March 18, and Ole Bull narrowly escaped with his life and his fiddle.

St. Patrick's Day was celebrated, March 18, by the Irish Catholics of New York in the usual manner. The streets were blocked by the processionists for several hours, and untold quantities of whisky were drunk. In the evening the various societies had their customary banquets, at one of which Mayor Hall, Rev. "Father" Burke, and others delivered speeches. There were 323 arrests made by the police during the day, and many bloody affrays took place.

The proposed constitution for Utah was unanimously adopted by the Mormon voters, March 19, and Fuller, the Mormon candidate for Congress, was elected. The Gentiles did not vote, but the Mormon women did.

The Rhode Island Democratic Convention met in Providence, March 20, and nominated a State ticket, and selected delegates to the National Convention.

Admiral Polo de Barnabe has been appointed Spanish minister to Washington.

Controller Green, in a report to the State Assembly, March 21, gave the cost of the famous Ring Court-house in New York at $8,194,949; furniture and repairs, $5,282,229; additional claims outstanding, $242,579.

Correspondence between General Shaler, president of the Board of Fire Commissioners, and Mr. A. W. Craven, civil engineer of the city, confirms the opinion that the supply of water in New York would be altogether inadequate in the event of the outbreak of a fire such as destroyed Chicago.

One of the jurors trying the case against Mayor A. Oakey Hall for misdemeanor having died, Judge Daly discharged the remaining eleven, and withdrew from the case himself, March 21.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Mr. Gladstone, in the House of Commons, March 18, acknowledged the receipt of the American reply to Lord Granville's note. He was gratified to state that it was couched in friendly and courteous terms. It did not adopt the views of the English government, and it seemed to call for a reply. This would be sent to the American minister immediately. The correspondence, however, would not be laid before Parliament. The matter also came up in the House of Lords, Earl Granville promising to give the correspondence to the public at an early date.

A general congress of the Old Catholics of Germany is called to meet in Cologne in September.

Sir Charles Dilke renewed his resolution to investigate the expenses of the crown, March 19, in the House of Commons. Mr. Auberon Herbert seconded the motion, but amidst great confusion the measure was defeated by a vote of 274 to 4.

In the House of Lords, March 19, Lord Redesdale gave notice of his intention to introduce a resolution declaring that it is the common interest of all nations to decide whether, when belligerents have become reconciled and one nation, they can demand in their unity indemnity from a neutral state for damages done one of the belligerents.

The Emperor of Germany completed his 75th year, and President Juarez his 70th, March 22.

The English University boat-race took place, March 23, during a blinding snow-storm. The Oxford crew led at first, but in the end were beaten by the Cambridge boys by a length and a half.

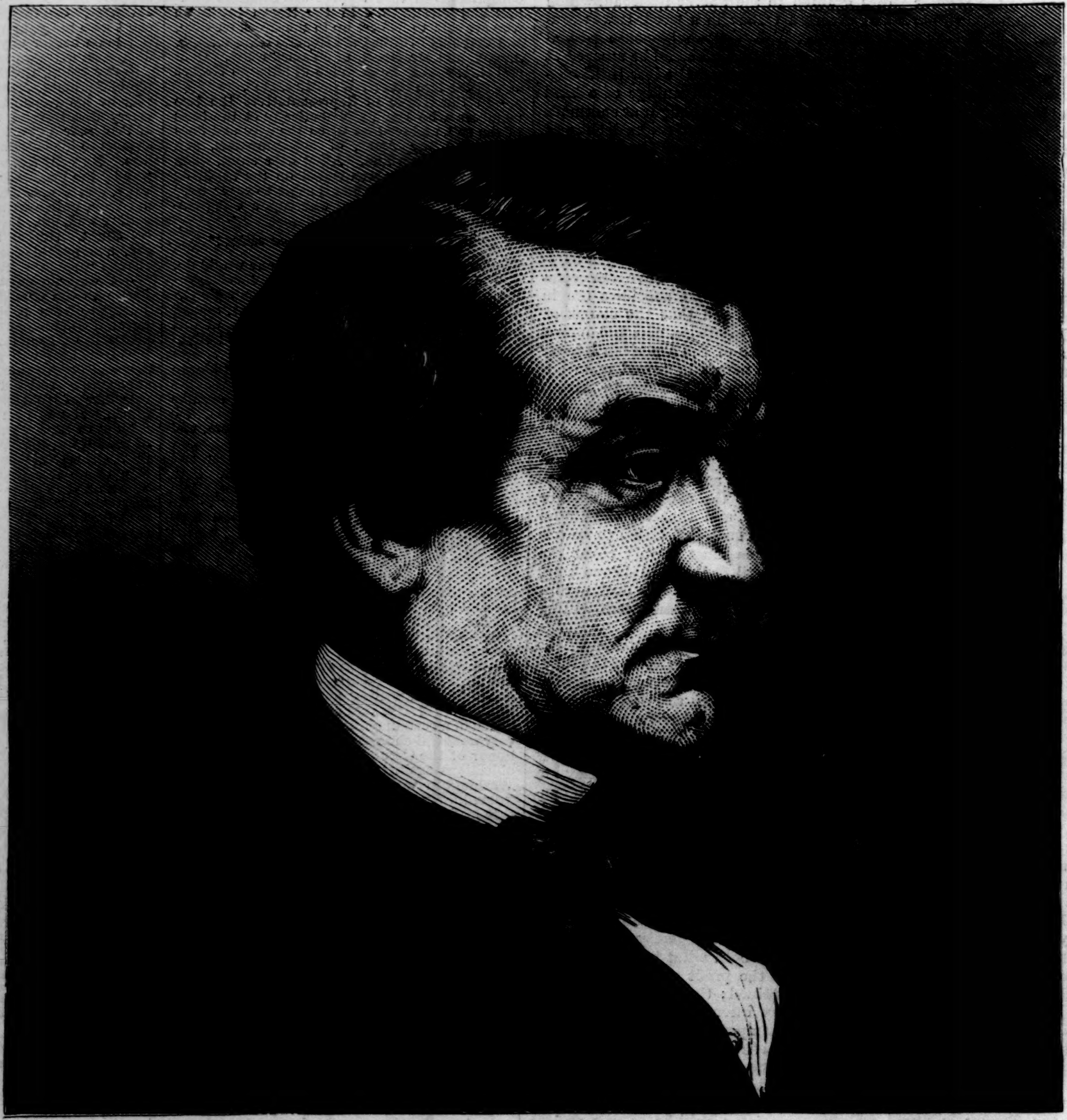
The miners engaged in Rothschild's mines at Wittkowitz, in Moravia, broke into a riot recently because their wages were not paid. The difficulty ended in the killing of four, the wounding of fifty, and the capture of one hundred of the rioters by the military.

The Town-hall and famous art gallery of Düsseldorf, with its celebrated paintings, have been destroyed by fire.

THE MURDERED VICEROY.

We have already recorded the assassination of the Earl of Mayo, Viceroy of India, by a convict at Port Blair, in the Andaman Islands. This week we give his portrait and a sketch of the place where he was murdered. The story of the assassination is briefly as follows:

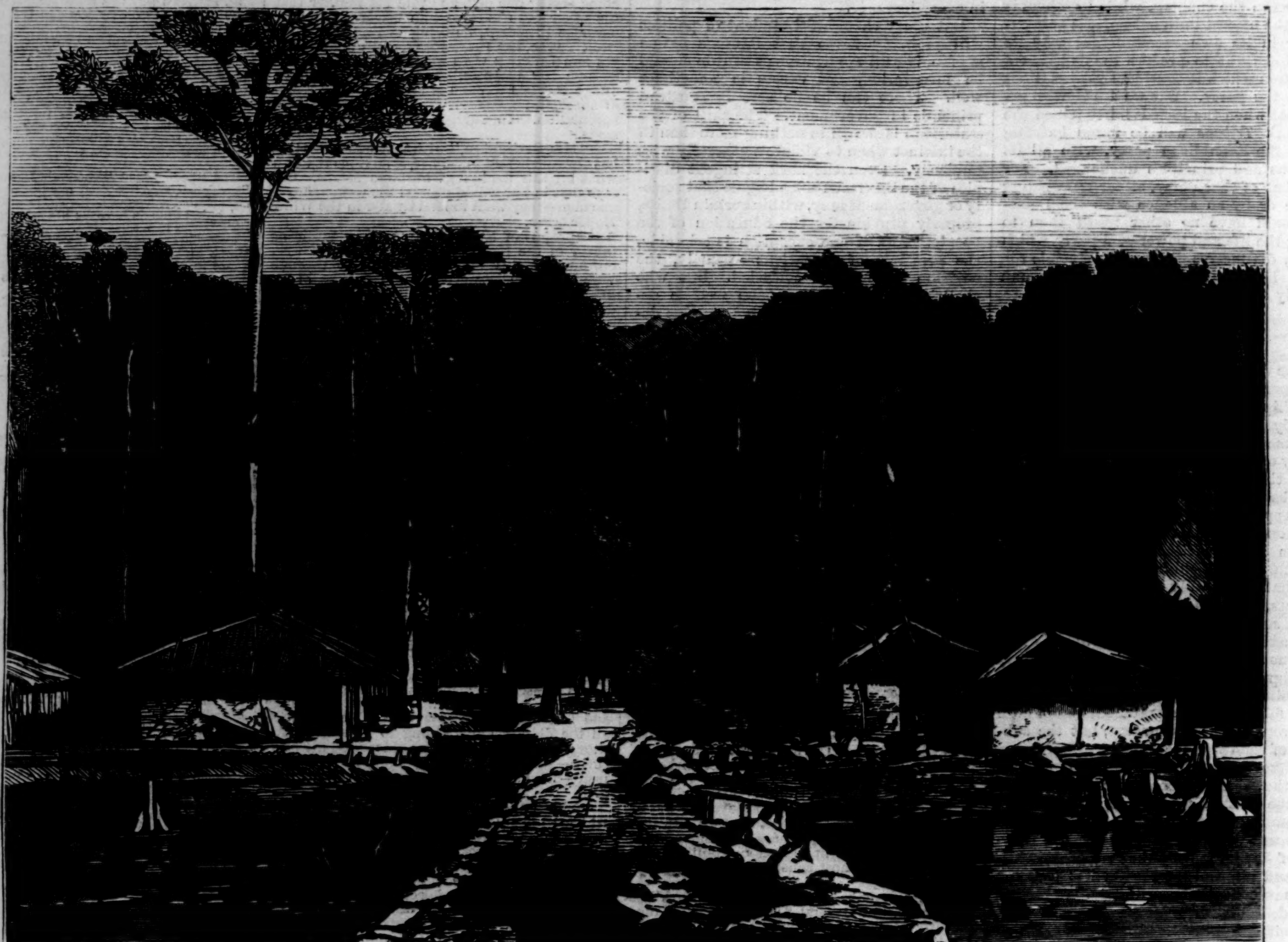
The Viceroy, who was making a tour of inspection, arrived at Port Blair in the war steamer *Glasgow* on the morning of February 8, and immediately landed. He was guarded with what he himself called "excessive care," as the convict population of the islands is violent and vicious. Till five o'clock in the afternoon nothing of moment occurred. The party reached Port Blair, on their return from the interior, a little after dark, and torches were lighted to show the way. No convicts were near, except on barrows, with overseers, on a line off the road. About a quarter to seven they reached the pier. It was now quite dark. The armed escort was close to the Viceroy on both sides, the police and his body servant in the rear, and several officers and friends right about him. The sailors of the *Glasgow* were at the end of the pier in the front. The Viceroy advanced a few paces along the pier, when the assassin sprang in a moment out of the darkness, and stabbed him twice on the top of the left shoulder and under the right shoulder-blade. The assassin was immediately seized. The Viceroy ran a few paces forward and fell over the pier into shallow water on the left, but got up by himself, and was helped out, his shoulder bleeding copiously. He walked firmly, felt his shoulder, and said, "I don't think I am much hurt." When his wounds were bound up the Viceroy asked to be taken on board ship. On the way to the boat he said twice, "Lift up my head." He expired before reaching the ship.



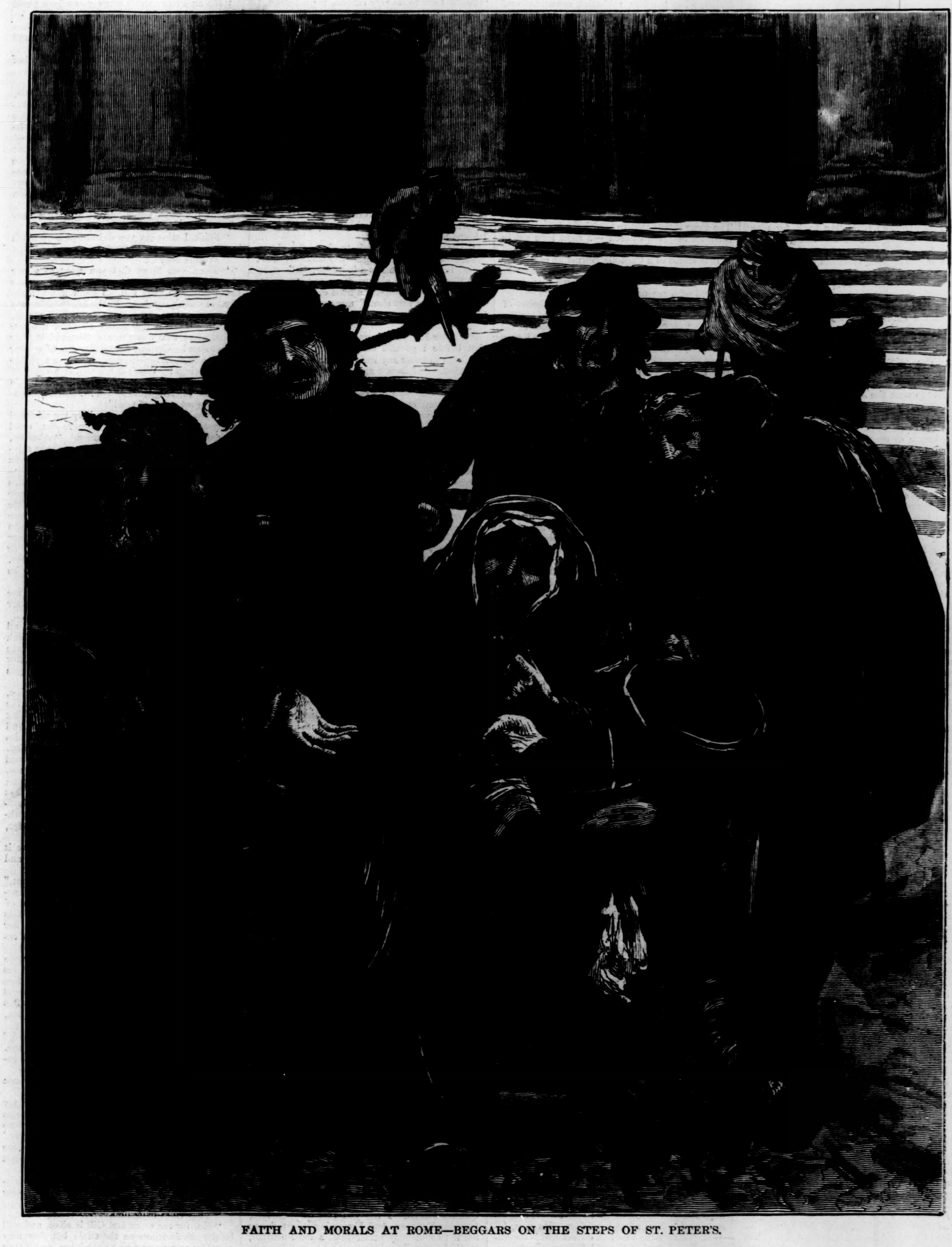
THE LATE EARL OF MAYO.

The Andaman Islands, lying off the coast of the Malayan Peninsula, south of Pegu or British Burmah, in the Bay of Bengal, consist of four islands with several islets. Three of these islands are only separated by very narrow straits, and are usually considered as one island, under the name of the Great Andaman. The island does not contain any considerable river. It is tolerably clothed with trees, several of which afford timber of sufficient size for ship-building. The animals found in the islands are the hog, the rat, and a few others; while fish abound along the shores. The inhabitants are among the very lowest in the scale of civilization of any people with whom we are acquainted. They are small of stature, seldom exceeding five feet in height, and ill formed, with large heads and very slender limbs. In color, hair, and feature they resemble the race of African negroes. They are wholly unaccustomed to the use of clothing, and their implements, weapons, and dwellings are of the rudest possible description. In their disposition they are described as cunning and treacherous; their disinclination to the intercourse of strangers amounts to a passion. They make no attempt to cultivate the soil, and reside in the immediate neighborhood of the sea, from which they derive the principal part of their food.

Since 1824 the island has been used as a British penal settlement. The convicts are under very loose discipline, and the place is described as a paradise of rum-drinking and idleness.



PORT BLAIR, ANDAMAN ISLANDS, WHERE THE EARL OF MAYO WAS MURDERED.



FAITH AND MORALS AT ROME—BEGGARS ON THE STEPS OF ST. PETER'S.

FAITH AND MORALS AT ROME.

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

Somehow or other, in Rome one is always going up steps. If you go to St. Peter's you must mount the steps, and on the steps, alas! you must run the gauntlet of the beggars. You may try to tack about and try to avoid them by a zigzag course, but they will catch you. You approach with composure one of the granite mile-stones that encircle the steps, seeing no beggar there; but behold! from the stone emerges a humpbacked witch, who twitches your elbow with her crooked hand, and, walk as you may, keeps up with you and hands you on to the next. This time it is an old man, or a young one with a wooden leg. Now you have three upon you, and in a moment half a dozen. You can not help noticing some of their hands, twisted by long use into saucers for catching *soldi*. They surround you, almost stifle you with their cries, *Per carità, signore. Datimi un soldo, signore.* What are you to do? Scramble some coppers is the happy thought that suggests itself to you, and watch the cripples tussle on the ground. Over their heads you see others nimbly leaping down the steps. What are you to do? Run! run for the door of St. Peter's, and meet a beggar there holding up the screen for you. What annoys one most is the stolidity of their begging. They don't beg, they demand, and they thrust their hands in front of you just as the elephant presents his trunk, with the expression of eye exactly like his, that says, plainly, "Now, then, don't you see my trunk? Are you going to give, or are you not?" And yet the artist owes some thanks to the beggars of St. Peter's, for two of them made him capital models just on the brow of the steps while the hot December sun played down where "Issa l'Arab di Gerusalemme sells trinkets and photographs."

Since the Vatican Council of 1870 the history of papal Rome has become of singular importance to nations. By a comprehensive and final decree the Pope has been declared the universal school-master; he alone is competent to teach mankind "faith and morals;" all "faith and morals" taught in any other school but his must lead only to speedy perdition. The decree has been accepted by almost every Romish bishop or priest; it is announced in the pulpits of America, and celebrated in decaying Europe; the united legions of the Romish priesthood have no longer any conscience or any creed but that of their fallen head, and demand from all governments and people the right to teach in the school as well as the church the faith and the morals transmitted to them from Rome. Hence the keen glance of mankind will be fixed for many coming years upon the sad annals of the papal capital. In that city for ten centuries the popes have been the only teachers; for twenty-five years Pius IX. and his Jesuit council have instructed or depraved its people. It is certain that here, at least, we may learn practically what kind of moral and religious education we may look for in the denominational schools for which Romish politicians are laboring among us.

Of faith we find at Rome only the grossest form of idolatry. For twenty-five years this universal teacher has encouraged his adherents to persevere in degrading superstitions scarcely equaled in Congo or Fezzan. Hairs of the Virgin, teeth of the Apostles, decayed heads, withered fingers, mouldering bones—a throng of repulsive and terrible objects—are held up, cased in gold and gems, to the adoration of the faithful! Bambino drives round in his gilded coach to visit the sick and gather the rich wages of unblushing fraud; the Holy Stairs offers its limitless indulgence for a moderate bribe; every church has its idols; and the legends and traditions, the pagan rites, the idolatrous worship of the papal city, have been the scoff of the wise and the learned for at least three centuries. But still darker is the picture of the moral standard of the patrimony of St. Peter until it was rescued from the control of the Pope and the Jesuits. We have a series of witnesses extending back for more than twenty years. Native and foreigner unite in representing the moral condition of the priests and the people in papal Rome as more shocking than can be described in language, as surpassing in cruelty and crime the worst of civil tyrannies. Rude, insolent, and bloated monks swept through the streets, conscious of power and relentless in revenge; the cardinals and vicars riot in the miseries of the people; every native Roman gave the wall and took off his hat to the monk; every priest was the despot of his trembling flock. The priests held nearly one-half the property of the city, and pauperism and brigandage maintained the wretched poor. It was never safe to walk the streets of Rome at night. No person was admitted into any house without a careful inspection lest he might prove to be a robber. No Bible was permitted to be sold at the bookstore or read by the people. The Inquisition had been revived, and Pius IX., as Grand Inquisitor, had filled its cells with trembling heretics. Among the middle classes at Rome scarcely a family but had felt the iron hand of Pius IX. in some horrible outrage. Editors, lawyers, the rising youth, the ambitious scholars, had been thrown, by the command of Pius IX., into noisome prisons for daring to complain of the priestly tyranny, were shot down by foreign mercenaries, or had fled into hopeless exile. Mothers and sisters, in many a Roman household, wept over the victims of the Pope, or strove to hold secret communication with their starving fugitives. No words can paint the hatred, the disgust, with which the Roman middle classes looked upon their priestly rulers. The bloated monk, insolent and overbearing, was a loathsome monster; the father confessor a detested intruder into peaceful families; the Jesuit an impudent and cruel spy; the Pope and cardinals the infamous chiefs of a community of hypocrites and robbers; nor is it possible to convey in language that strange and overpowering hostility with which the Roman people repaid the relentless rule of their clerical masters.

Such are the faith and morals the Pope has taught in his own city; such he claims the right to teach in Europe and America. He demands the control of all education. He is urging on his adherents in Ireland to destroy that system of schools and colleges that was reforming and reviving the degenerate Celts. He fills the bishoprics and the vicarates of the United States with men pledged to labor for the ruin of the public schools. No sooner does vicar or bishop die than Pius IX. fills his place by telegram. So keenly does he keep watch over the politics of our country, so resolute is he to teach us his own faith and morals, that the fallen Pope, deprived of his power over the families and the households of Rome, seems to have given the larger share of his attention to the control of the families and the households of Baltimore or New York. Here he declares there shall be no education that is not directed and guided by the priest. But what priests will the infallible teacher send us to instruct our children in faith and morals? He can scarcely hope that the gross and insolent monks who have just been hissed from Rome will supplant the American schoolmaster; that the father confessors, so recently the terror of every honest Roman family, will meet with any cordial reception here; that the Jesuits, who have just been expelled from Switzerland as the pests of civilization, can find a secure home in a land they are pledged to destroy. Nor can he possibly suppose that the degrading superstition and the frightful morals of his Roman clergy will be tolerated for a moment in an American system of education.

Happily we have a large body of intelligent Catholics among us who would be no more anxious than are their fellow-Catholics of Austria and Italy to intrust the instruction of their children to the sole guidance of the priest. They know that wherever the priesthood has had charge of education the people have been left in extraordinary ignorance. A recent number of the *Edinburgh Review* gives some striking details of the way in which popes and priests have provided for the intellectual elevation of the Catholics of Italy and Spain. Over these countries, until within a few years, their power has been supreme; they held that control over education which they are now demanding in New York or Cincinnati; they have been for centuries the only teachers of science, morals, or faith, and the result is sufficiently startling. More than two-thirds of the Italians of mature age can neither read nor write. General Torre finds that of the young men born in 1846, 1847, and 1848, called upon for military service, 69 out of 100 were wholly uneducated; of persons married in 1869, 58 per cent. were unable to sign their names. In Spain 12,000,000 persons are unable to read and write, nor, had the despotism of the priests continued, would ever have been permitted to learn. What depth of moral degradation, what murders, robberies, assassinations, what ignorance of all moral laws, what fatal national decay, what boundless pauperism and ruin to industry and the industrious, what contempt for honest labor, what empty pretension and repulsive pride, have marked the history of both these nations, will certainly never be taught in the schools controlled by the Pope.

The *Review* has an extract from a history in use in the Irish schools. It describes Philip II. of Spain. He is one of the wisest and greatest of kings. It is true that he brought many heretics to the stake in England or Holland; but the historian suggests that it is better that a few should suffer than that the souls of multitudes should be tainted and lost. A similar sentiment is uttered in the decrees of the Council and the syllabus of the Pope, and it is plain that the doctrine of toleration will not form a part of the system of instruction admitted in our priestly schools. The Pope insists that to punish the heretic is the privilege of "the Church"—a right inherent in the chair of St. Peter.

It is stated in a Catholic journal as one of the sad trials of Pius IX. that no sooner does he show himself to the people of Rome than he is assailed with reproaches and loaded with insults; that he dares not venture to leave the shelter of the Vatican and encounter the hatred of his Romans. Yet this is, at least, a proof that in the opinion of his own people he has failed as a teacher of faith and morals, and that he is scarcely competent to rule in Europe and America. But it is difficult to conceive how he who has made so many widows and orphans, who has impoverished so many Roman families, whose body-guard of monks and clergy have been the scoff or the terror of Rome, who was the patron of idolatry and the source of general ignorance and degradation, could for a moment fancy that any thing but a foreign garrison could shield him from the rage of his revolted subjects; nor is it any lower degree of infatuation in popes or priests to suppose that the faith and the morals they have exemplified at Rome will long be taught in the modern school-house.

Yet not in Rome, but, unhappily, in New York, have we the most conclusive proof of the unfitness of priests to become teachers. The faith and the morals of the papal city have ruled us for many years. The Romish vote has controlled all our elections. No man who dared to offend or to oppose the growth of Romish influence could hope to attain to municipal office. The men who plundered the city were the representatives of the Romish population. They are still sustained by the Romish voters, through ignorance, no doubt, and the blindness of intense superstition. The Romish Church received enormous subsidies for its schools and charities from rulers who were robbing their fellow-citizens, and driving the honest mechanic or laborer from the city by extravagant taxation. The Romish press was fostered into an unhealthy and transitory existence by the boundless liberality of the officials it sustained in all their corruption. No one denies these facts; no one doubts that the Romish vote and the Romish priests have been the chief source of the recent dishonor of our city; that they have added thirty millions to our debt, and inflicted irreparable injuries upon our commerce, morals, intellect. Yet does some quiet citizen suggest that it would be well for the Romish clergy and the Romish press to urge their voters to repentance and atonement, to retire from the field of politics, to restore the control of the city to educated men, to make some return to the government they have, ignorantly perhaps, labored to destroy, by striving to become honest, intelligent, and useful, by learning at the common school patriotism and self-restraint, he is assailed with irrational fury, or threatened with active violence. The guilty rage at the hand that is stretched out to reform them.

It seems quite plain, therefore, that the Pope and the priesthood are not successful teachers of faith and morals; can not be permitted to control our public schools or our civic treasury. Nor can they hope to silence just complaints or avoid a deserved retribution. The press will speak; the people are not to be terrified: neither New York nor Rome need any longer tremble before the menaces of an ecclesiastical rule.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

By CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

A MISERABLE MORNING.

It was not without considerable heart-sinking and misgiving that old Kearney heard that it was Miss Betty O'Shea's desire to have some conversation with him after breakfast. He was, indeed, reassured to a certain extent by his daughter telling him that the old lady was excessively weak, and that her cough was almost incessant, and that she spoke with extreme difficulty. All the comfort that these assurances gave him was dashed by a settled conviction of Miss Betty's subtlety. "She's like one of the wild foxes they have in Crim Tartary, and when you think they are dead, they're up and at you before you can look round." He affirmed no more than the truth when he said that "he'd rather walk barefoot to Kilbeggan than go up that stair to see her."

There was a strange conflict in his mind all this time between these ignoble fears and the efforts he was making to seem considerate and gentle by Kate's assurance that a cruel word, or even a harsh tone, would be sure to kill her. "You'll have to be very careful, papa dearest," she said. "Her nerves are completely shattered, and every respiration seems as if it would be the last."

Mistrust was, however, so strong in him that he would have employed any subterfuge to avoid the interview; but the Rev. Luke Delany, who had arrived to give her "the consolations," as he briefly phrased it, insisted on Kearney's attending to receive the old lady's forgiveness before she died.

"Upon my conscience," muttered Kearney, "I was always under the belief it was I was injured; but, as the priest says, 'it's only on one's death-bed he sees things clearly.'"

As Kearney groped his way through the darkened room, shocked at his own creaking shoes, and painfully convinced that he was somehow deficient in delicacy, a low, faint cough guided him to the sofa where Miss O'Shea lay. "Is that Maurice Kearney?" said she, feebly. "I think I know his foot."

"Yes, indeed, bad luck to them for shoes. Wherever Davy Morris gets the leather I don't know, but it's as loud as a barrel-organ."

"Maybe they're cheap, Maurice. One puts up with many a thing for a little cheapness."

"That's the first shot!" muttered Kearney to himself, while he gave a little cough to avoid reply.

"Father Luke has been telling me, Maurice, that before I go this long journey I ought to take care to settle any little matter here that's on my mind. 'If there's any body you bear an ill will to,' says he; 'if there's any one has wronged you,' says he, 'told lies of you, or done you any bodily harm, send for him,' says he, 'and let him hear your forgiveness out of your own mouth. I'll take care afterward,' says Father Luke, 'that he'll have to settle the account with *me;* but *you* mustn't mind that. You must be able to tell St. Joseph that you come with a clean breast and a good conscience;' and that's"—here she sighed heavily several times—"and that's the reason I sent for you, Maurice Kearney!"

Poor Kearney sighed heavily over that category of misdoers with whom he found himself classed, but he said nothing.

"I don't want to say any thing harsh to you, Maurice, nor have I strength to listen, if you'd try to defend yourself; time is short with me now; but this I must say, if I'm here now sick and sore, and if the poor boy in the other room is lying down with his fractured head, it is you, and you alone have the blame."

"May the blessed Virgin give me patience!" muttered he, as he wrung his hands despairingly.

"I hope she will; and give you more, Maurice Kearney. I hope she'll give you a hearty repentance. I hope she'll teach you that the few days that remain to you in this life are short enough for contrition—ay—contrition and castigation."

"Ain't I getting it now?" muttered he; but low as he spoke the words her quick hearing had caught them.

"I hope you are; it is the last bit of friendship I can do you. You have a hard, worldly, selfish nature, Maurice; you had it as a boy, and it grew worse as you grew older. What many believed high spirits in you was nothing else than the reckless devilment of a man that only thought of himself. You could afford to be—at least, to look—light-hearted, for you cared for nobody. You squandered your little property, and you'd have made away with the few acres that belonged to your ancestors if the law would have let you. As for the way you brought up your children, that lazy boy below stairs that never did a hand's turn is proof enough, and poor Kitty, just because she wasn't like the rest of you, how she's treated!"

"How is that; what is my cruelty there?" cried he.

"Don't try to make yourself out worse than you are," said she, sternly, "and pretend that you don't know the wrong you done her."

"May I never—if I understand what you mean."

"Maybe you thought it was no business of yours to provide for your own child. Maybe you had a notion that it was enough that she had her food and a roof over her while you were here, and that somehow—anyhow—she'd get on, as they call it, when you were in the other place. Maurice Kearney, I'll say nothing so cruel to you as your own conscience is saying this minute; or maybe, with that light heart that makes your friends so fond of you, you never bothered yourself about her at all, and that's the way it come about."

"What came about it? I want to know *that.*"

"First and foremost, I don't think the law will let you. I don't believe you can charge your estate against the entail. I have a note there to ask M'Keown's opinion, and if I'm right I'll set apart a sum in my will to contest it in the Queen's Bench. I tell you this to your face, Maurice Kearney, and I'm going where I can tell it to somebody better than a hard-hearted, cruel old man."

"What is that I want to do, and that the law won't let me?" asked he, in the most imploring accents.

"At least twelve honest men will decide it."

"Decide what, in the name of the saints?" cried he.

"Don't be profane; don't parade your unbelieving notions to a poor old woman on her death-bed. You may want to leave your daughter a beggar, and your son little better, but you have no right to disturb my last moments with your terrible blasphemies."

"I'm fairly bothered now," cried he, as his two arms dropped powerlessly to his sides. "So help me, if I know whether I'm awake or in a dream."

"It's an excuse won't serve you where you'll be soon going, and I warn you, don't trust it."

"Have a little pity on me, Miss Betty darling," said he, in his most coaxing tone; "and tell me what it is I've done?"

"You mean what you are trying to do; but what, please the Virgin, we'll not let you!"

"What is *that?*"

"And what, weak and ill and dying as I am, I've strength enough left in me to prevent, Maurice Kearney, and if you'll give me that Bible there, I'll kiss it, and take my oath that if he marries her he'll never put foot in a house of mine, nor inherit an acre that belongs to me; and all that I'll leave him in my will shall be my— Well, I won't say what, only it's something he'll not have to pay a legacy duty on. Do you understand me now, or ain't I plain enough yet?"

"No, not yet. You'll have to make it clearer still."

"Faith, I must say you did not pick up much 'cuteness from your adopted daughter."

"Who is she?"

"The Greek hussy that you want to marry my nephew, and give a dowry to out of the estate that belongs to your son. I know it all, Maurice. I wasn't two hours in the house before my old woman brought me the story from Mary. Ay, stare if you like, but they all know it below stairs, and a nice way you are discussed in your own house! Getting a promise out of a poor boy in a brain-fever—making him give a pledge in his ravings! Won't it tell well in a court of justice, of a magistrate, a county gentleman, a Kearney of Kilgobbin? Oh! Maurice, Maurice, I'm ashamed of you!"

"Upon my oath, you're making me ashamed of myself that I sit here and listen to you," cried he, carried beyond all endurance. "Abusing, ay, blackguarding me this last hour about a lying story that came from the kitchen. It's you that ought to be ashamed, old lady. Not, indeed, for believing ill of an old friend, for that's nature in you, but for not having common-sense—just common-sense to guide you, and a little common decency to warn you. Look now, there is not a word, there is not a syllable, of truth in the whole story. Nobody ever thought of your nephew asking my niece to marry him; and if *he* did, she wouldn't have him. She looks higher, and she has a right to look higher, than to be the wife of an Irish squireen."

"Go on, Maurice, go on. You waited for me to be as I am now before you had courage for words like these."

"Well, I ask your pardon, and ask it in all humiliation and sorrow. My temper—bad luck to it!—gets the better, or, maybe, it's the worse of me, at times, and I say fifty things that I know I don't feel—just the way sailors load a gun with any thing in the heat of an action."

"I'm not in a condition to talk of sea-fights, Mr. Kearney, though I'm obliged to you all the same for trying to amuse me. You'll not think me rude if I ask you to send Kate to me? And please to tell Father Luke that I'll not see him this morning. My nerves have been sorely tried. One word before you go, Maurice Kearney; and have compassion enough not to answer me. You may be a just man and an honest man; you may be fair in your dealings, and all that your tenants say of you may be lies and calumnies; but to insult a poor old woman on her death-bed is cruel and unfeeling; and I'll tell you more, Maurice, it's cowardly and it's—"

Kearney did not wait to hear what more it might be, for he was already at the door, and rushed out as if he was escaping from a fire.

"I'm glad he's better than they made him out," said Miss Betty to herself, in a tone of calm soliloquy; "and he'll not be worse for some of the home truths I've told him." And with this she drew on her silk mittens and arranged her cap composedly, while she waited for Kate's arrival.

As for poor Kearney, other troubles were awaiting him in his study, where he found his son and Mr. Holmes, the lawyer, sitting before a table covered with papers. "I have no head for business now," cried Kearney. "I don't feel overwell to-day, and if you want to talk to me, you'll have to put it off till to-morrow."

"Mr. Holmes must leave for town, my lord," interposed Dick, in his most insinuating tone, "and he only wants a few minutes with you before he goes."

"And it's just what he won't get. I would not see the Lord-Lieutenant if he was here now."

"The trial is fixed for Tuesday, the 19th, my lord," cried Holmes; "and the National press has taken it up in such a way that we have no chance whatever. The verdict will be 'Guilty,' without leaving the box; and the whole voice of public opinion will demand the very heaviest sentence the law can pronounce."

"Think of that poor fellow, O'Shea, just rising from a sick-bed," said Dick, as his voice shook with agitation.

"They can't hang him."

"No, for the scoundrel Gill is alive, and will be the chief witness on the trial; but they may give him two years with prison labor, and if they do, it will kill him."

"I don't know that. I've seen more than one fellow come out fresh and hearty after a spell. In fact, the plain diet, and the regular work, and the steady habits are wonderful things for a young man that has been knocking about in a town life."

"Oh, father, don't speak that way. I know Gorman well, and I can swear he'd not survive it."

Kearney shook his head doubtingly, and muttered, "There's a great deal said about wounded pride and injured feelings, but the truth is, these things are like a bad colic, mighty hard to bear, if you like, but nobody ever dies of it."

"From all I hear about young Mr. O'Shea," said Holmes, "I am led to believe he will scarcely live through an imprisonment."

"To be sure! Why not? At three or four and twenty we're all of us high-spirited and sensitive and noble-hearted, and we die on the spot if there's a word against our honor. It is only after we cross the line in life, wherever that be, that we become thick-skinned and hardened, and mind nothing that does not touch our account at the bank. Sure I know the theory well! Ay, and the only bit of truth in it all is, that we cry out louder when we're young, for we are not so well used to bad treatment."

"Right or wrong, no man likes to have the whole press of a nation assailing him, and all the sympathies of a people against him," said Holmes.

"And what can you and your brothers in wigs do against that? Will all your little beguiling ways and insinuating tricks turn the *Pike* and the *Irish Cry* from what sells their papers? Here it is now, Mr. Holmes, and I can't put it shorter. Every man that lives in Ireland knows in his heart he must live in hot water; but somehow, though he may not like it, he gets used to it, and he finds it does him no harm in the end. There was an uncle of my own was in a passion for forty years, and he died at eighty-six."

"I wish I could only secure your attention, my lord, for ten minutes."

"And what would you do, counselor, if you had it?"

"You see, my lord, there are some very grave questions here. First of all, you and your brother magistrates had no right to accept bail. The injury was too grave: Gill's life, as the doctor's certificate will prove, was in danger. It was for a judge in Chambers to decide whether bail could be taken. They will move, therefore, in the Queen's Bench, for a mandamus—"

"May I never, if you won't drive me mad!" cried Kearney, passionately; "and I'd rather be picking oakum this minute than listening to all the possible misfortunes briefs and lawyers could bring on me."

"Just listen to Holmes, father," whispered Dick. "He thinks that Gill might be got over—that if done by *you* with three or four hundred pounds, he'd either make his evidence so light, or he'd contradict himself, or, better than all, he'd not make an appearance at the trial—"

"Compounding a felony! Catch me at it!" cried the old man, with a yell.

"Well, Joe Atlee will be here to-night," continued Dick. "He's a clever fellow at all rogueries. Will you let him see if it can't be arranged?"

"I don't care who does it, so it isn't Maurice Kearney," said he, angrily, for his patience could endure no more. "If you won't leave me alone now, I'll go out and sit on the bog, and upon my conscience I won't say that I'll not throw myself into a bog-hole!" There was a tone of such perfect sincerity in his speech that, without another word, Dick took the lawyer's arm and led him from the room.

A third voice was heard outside as they issued forth, and Kearney could just make out that it was Major Lockwood, who was asking Dick if he might have a few minutes' conversation with his father. "I don't suspect you'll find my father much disposed for conversation just now. I think, if you would not mind making your visit to him at another time—"

"Just so!" broke in the old man; "if you're not coming with a strait-waistcoat, or a coil of rope to hold me down, I'd say it's better to leave me to myself."

Whether it was that the major was undeterred by these forbidding evidences, or that what he deemed the importance of his communication warranted some risk, certain it is he lingered at the door, and stood there where Dick and the lawyer had gone and left him.

A faint tap at the door at last apprised Kearney that some one was without, and he hastily, half angrily, cried, "Come in!" Old Kearney almost started with surprise as the major walked in. "I'm not going to make any apology for intruding on you," cried he. "What I want to say shall be said in three words, and I can not endure the suspense of not having them said and answered. I've had a whole night of feverish anxiety, and a worse morning, thinking and turning over the thing in my mind, and settled it must be at once, one way or other, for my head will not stand it."

"My own is tried pretty hard, and I can feel for you," said Kearney, with a grim humor.

"I've come to ask if you'll give me your daughter?" and his face became blood-red with the effort the words had cost him.

"Give you my daughter?" cried Kearney.

"I want to make her my wife, and as I know little about courtship, and have nobody here that could settle this affair for me—for Walpole is thinking of his own concerns—I've thought the best way, as it was the shortest, was to come at once to yourself: I have got a few documents here that will show you I have enough to live on, and to make a tidy settlement, and do all that ought to be done."

"I'm sure you are an excellent fellow, and I like you myself; but you see, major, a man doesn't dispose of his daughter like his horse, and I'd like to hear what she would say to the bargain."

"I suppose you could ask her?"

"Well, indeed, that's true, I could ask her; but on the whole, major, don't you think the question would come better from yourself?"

"That means courtship."

"Yes, I admit it is liable to that objection, but somehow it's the usual course."

"No, no," said the other, slowly, "I could not manage that. I'm sick of bachelor life, and I'm ready to send in my papers and have done with it, but I don't know how to go about the other. Not to say, Kearney," added he, more boldly, "that I think there is something confoundedly mean in that daily pursuit of a woman, till by dint of importunity, and one thing or another, you get her to like you! What can she know of her own mind after three or four months of what these snobs call attentions? How is she to say how much is mere habit, how much is gratified vanity of having a fellow dangling after her, how much the necessity of showing the world she is not compromised by the cad's solicitations? Take my word for it, Kearney, my way is the best. Be able to go up like a man and tell the girl, 'It's all arranged. I've shown the old cove that I can take care of you; he has seen that I've no debts or mortgages; I'm ready to behave handsomely; what do you say yourself?'"

"She might say, 'I know nothing about you. I may possibly not see much to dislike, but how do I know I should like you?'"

"And I'd say, 'I'm one of those fellows that are the same all through, to-day as I was yesterday, and to-morrow the same. When I'm in a bad temper I go out on the moors and walk it off, and I'm not hard to live with.'"

"There's many a bad fellow a woman might like better."

"All the luckier for me, then, that I don't get her."

"I might say, too," said Kearney, with a smile, "how much do you know of my daughter—of her temper, her tastes, her habits, and her likings? What assurance have you that you would suit each other, and that you are not as wide apart in character as in country?"

"I'll answer for that. She's always good-tempered, cheerful, and light-hearted. She's always nicely dressed and polite to every one. She manages this old house and these stupid bog-trotters, till one fancies it a fine establishment and a first-rate household. She rides like a lion, and I'd rather hear her laugh than I'd listen to Patti."

"I'll call all that mighty like being in love."

"Do if you like—but answer me my question."

"That is more than I'm able; but I'll consult my daughter. I'll tell her pretty much in your own words all you have said to me, and she shall herself give the answer."

"All right; and how soon?"

"Well, in the course of the day. Should she say that she does not understand being wooed in this manner, that she would like more time to learn something more about yourself, that, in fact, there is something too peremptory in this mode of proceeding, I would not say she was wrong."

"But if she says yes frankly, you'll let me know at once?"

"I will—on the spot."

CHAPTER LXXIX.

PLEASANT CONGRATULATIONS.

The news of Nina's engagement to Walpole soon spread through the Castle at Kilgobbin, and gave great satisfaction; even the humbler members of the household were delighted to think there would be a wedding and all its appropriate festivity.

When the tidings at length arrived at Miss O'Shea's room, so reviving were the effects upon her spirits that the old lady insisted she should be dressed and carried down to the drawing-room, that the bridegroom might be presented to her in all form.

Though Nina herself chafed at such a proceeding, and called it a most "insufferable pretension," she was perhaps not sorry secretly at the opportunity afforded herself to let the tiresome old woman guess how she regarded her, and what might be their future relations toward each other. "Not, indeed," added she, "that we are likely ever to meet again, or that I should recognize her beyond a bow if we should."

As for Kearney, the announcement that Miss Betty was about to appear in public filled him with unmixed terror, and he muttered drearily as he went, "There'll be wigs on the green for this." Nor was Walpole himself pleased at the arrangement. Like most men in his position, he could not be brought to see the delicacy or the propriety of being paraded as an object of public inspection, nor did he perceive the fitness of that display of trinkets, which he had brought with him as presents, and the sight of which had become a sort of public necessity.

Not the least strange part of the whole procedure was that no one could tell where or how or with whom it originated. It was like one of those movements which are occasionally seen in political life, where without the direct intervention of any precise agent a sort of diffused atmosphere of public opinion suffices to produce results and effect changes that all are ready to disavow but accept of.

The mere fact of the pleasure the prospect afforded to Miss Betty prevented Kate from offering opposition to what she felt to be both bad in taste and ridiculous.

"That old lady imagines, I believe, that I am to come down like a *prétendu* in a French vaudeville—dressed in a tail-coat, with a white tie and white gloves, and perhaps receive her benediction. She mistakes herself, she mistakes us. If there was a casket of uncouth old diamonds or some marvelous old point lace to grace the occasion, we might play our parts with a certain decorous hypocrisy; but to be stared at through a double eyeglass by a snuffy old woman in black mittens is more than one is called on to endure—eh, Lockwood?"

"I don't know. I think I'd go through it all gladly to have the occasion."

"Have a little patience, old fellow; it will all come right. My worthy relatives—for I suppose I can call them so now—are too shrewd people to refuse the offer of such a fellow as you. They have that native pride that demands a certain amount of etiquette and deference. They must not seem to rise too eagerly to the fly—but only give them time, give them time, Lockwood."

"Ay, but the waiting in this uncertainty is terrible to me."

"Let it be certainty, then, and for very little I'll insure you! Bear this in mind, my dear fellow, and you'll see how little need there is for apprehension. You and the men like you—snug fellows with comfortable estates and no mortgages, unhampered by ties and uninfluenced by connections—are a species of plant that is rare every where, but actually never grew at all in Ireland, where every one spent double his income, and seldom dared to move a step without a committee of relations. Old Kearney has gone through that fat volume of the gentry and squirearchy of England last night, and from Sir Simon de Lokewood, who was killed at Crecy, down to a certain major in the Carbineers, he knows you all."

"I'll bet you a thousand they say No."

"I've not got a thousand to pay if I should lose; but I'll lay a pony—two if you like—that you are an accepted man this day—ay, before dinner."

"If I only thought so!"

"Confound it—you don't pretend you are in love!"

"I don't know whether I am or not, but I do know how I should like to bring that nice girl back to Hampshire, and install her at the Dingle. I've a tidy stable, some nice shooting, a good trout stream, and then I should have the prettiest wife in the county."

"Happy dog! Yours is the real philosophy of life. The fellows who are realistic enough to reckon up the material elements of their happiness—who have little to speculate on and less to unbelieve—they are right."

"If you mean that I'll never break my heart because I don't get in for the county, that's true—I don't deny it. But come, tell me is it all settled about your business? Has the uncle been asked?—has he spoken?"

"He has been asked and given his consent. My distinguished father-in-law, the Prince, has been telegraphed to this morning, and his reply may be here to-night or to-morrow. At all events, we are determined that even should he prove adverse, we shall not be deterred from our wishes by the caprice of a parent who has abandoned us."

"It's what people would call a love match?"

"I sincerely trust it is. If her affections were not inextricably engaged, it is not possible that such a girl could pledge her future to a man as humble as myself."

"That is, she is very much in love with *you?*"

"I hope the astonishment of your question does not arise from its seeming difficulty of belief?"

"No, not so much that; but I thought there might have been a little heroics, or whatever it is, on your side."

"Most dull dragoon, do you not know that so long as a man spoons he can talk of his affection for a woman; but that once she is about to be his wife, or is actually his wife, he limits his avowals to *her* love for *him?*"

"I never heard that before.. I say, what a swell you are this morning! The cock-pheasants will mistake you for one of them."

"Nothing can be simpler, nothing quieter, I trust, than a suit of dark purple knickerbockers; and you may see that my thread stockings and my coarse shoes presuppose a stroll in the plantations, where, indeed, I mean to smoke my morning cigar."

"She'll make you give up tobacco, I suppose?"

"Nothing of the kind; a thorough woman of the world enforces no such penalties as these. True free trade is the great matrimonial maxim, and for people of small means it is inestimable. The formula may be stated thus, 'Dine at the best houses, and give tea at your own.'"

What other precepts of equal wisdom Walpole was prepared to enunciate were lost to the world by a message informing him that Miss Betty was in the drawing-room, and the family assembled to see him.

PROGRESS OF INVENTION.

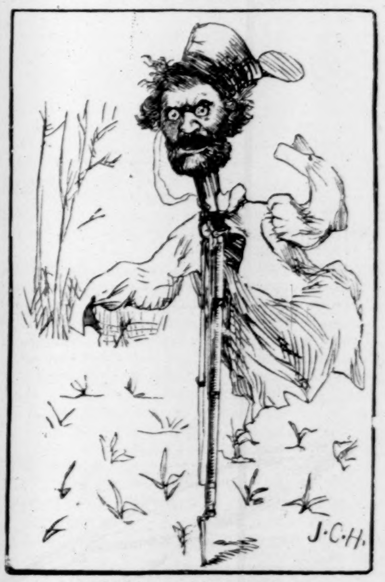
No one is able to fix a limit to human ingenuity. Ever since the organization of civil society new plans have been continually multiplying to lessen labor and protect man against man. Labor-saving machines, therefore, have increased so vastly it would be quite impossible to catalogue them. Although it would seem difficult to contrive more complicated locks than are now patronized by banking institutions for the safety of their treasures, there are regiments of rogues at large whose skill in opening them is absolutely superior to that of those who contrived them. If hundreds incarcerated in prison for the crime of burglary were honestly exercising their extraordinary ingenuity in a legitimate way, monuments of mechanical ingenuity, infinitely surpassing any yet seen, would unquestionably be called into existence.

It was said in Massachusetts some years since, a State famed for its strong penal code, a law had not yet been enacted which could not be evaded. It was in a moment of despair, probably, that a poet thus exclaimed:

> "Wise men suffer, good men grieve,
> Knaves invent, and fools believe:
> Help, gracious Lord! send aid unto us,
> Or knaves and fools will quite undo us."

Electricity is the comparatively dormant power in nature. However, the philosophers and great inventors are on the scent. It is a force they are determined to utilize. Steam may give way to it even in this generation. It runs sewing-machines to-day, but the child is born who may see cars running at a fearful speed by that same agency. It is a motive power Nature employs in conducting the grandest operations in the heavens above and the world below.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.



NOTHING TO BE FRIGHTENED AT.

On a wet, miserable, foggy London day in autumn Charles Lamb was accosted by a beggar-woman with, "Pray, Sir, bestow a little charity upon a poor destitute widow woman who is perishing for lack of food. Believe me, Sir, I have seen better days." "So have I," said Lamb, handing the poor creature a shilling—"so have I. It's a miserable day. Good-by, good-by!"

A Decided Stand—A stand of arms.

A Kansas City man, who blew out the gas before retiring, saved his life by rushing down to the office of the hotel and inquiring if there was a glue factory next door.

A Smart Thing—A mustard plaster.

Why ought one not to joke about a queen?—Because she's no subject.

Can any thing that is baleful be a blessing?—Yes; a bale full of cotton.

A Massachusetts politician's opinion of the intermarriage of whites and negroes was that he didn't believe in it. Said he, "I think that every one ought to marry some one of his own sex."

What relative ought to make the best pedestrians?—Step-sons.

"My friend, don't you know that it is very dangerous to take a nap while the train is in motion?" "Why so," exclaimed the astonished individual, waking up—"why so?" "Because this train runs over sleepers."

Tooth-pulling and a wide-awake hat are similar, for both are felt.

Always on the Spot—Detectives.

Embers of the Dying Year—September, November, and December.

To think of this happening in Boston: Two letters recently went through the post-office directed one to "Yeast Boston," and the other to "Gearmacka Planes."

Young ladies had better be fast asleep than fast awake.

Culinary Mem.—How to serve a dinner properly—Eat it.

Another One.—If a dinner could speak, what would it say?—Give me none of your jaw.

A good deacon, who was naturally a high-tempered man, had been used to beat his oxen over the head, as all his neighbors did. It was observed that when he became a Christian, his cattle became remarkably docile. A friend inquired into the secret. "Why," said the deacon, "formerly, when my oxen were a little contrary I flew into a passion and beat them unmercifully. This made the matter worse. Now, when they do not behave well, I go down behind the load, sit down, and sing 'Old Hundred.' I don't know how it is, but the psalm tune has a surprising effect upon my oxen."

To look "spruce" you mustn't "pine."

What's in an aim?—Ask a sharp-shooter.

Of all the birds that please us with their lays the most popular is the hen.

A contemporary says of a prominent general that "his sword was never drawn but once, and then in a raffle."

A Detroit picture-dealer says the hardest work he has to do is to frame excuses.

A musician must "get the hang" of a piece of music before he can "execute" it.

The minister who boasted that he could preach without notes didn't mean bank-notes.

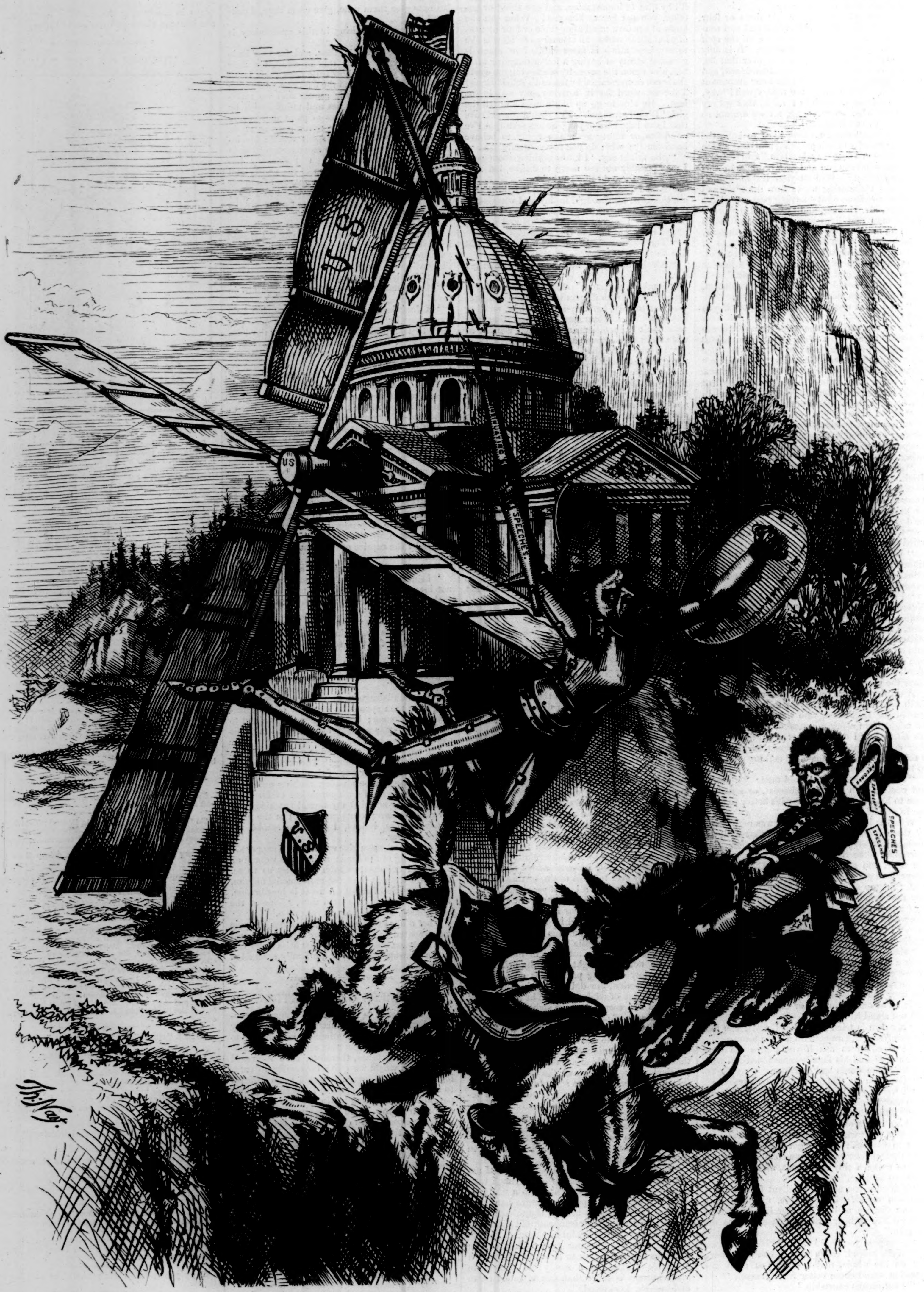
A beau dressed out resembles the cinnamon-tree—the bark is of greater value than the body.

The most fashionable way of using books is to serve them as men do lords—learn their titles, and brag of their acquaintance.

Every young doctor will get on if he only has patients.

Bishop Butler says: "A sot is like a statue in a moist air—all the lineaments of his humanity are mouldered away with the moisture."

A celebrated French preacher, in a sermon on the duties of wives, said: "I see in this congregation a woman who has been guilty of disobedience to her husband, and in order to point her out I will fling my breviary at her head." He lifted his book, and every female head instantly ducked.



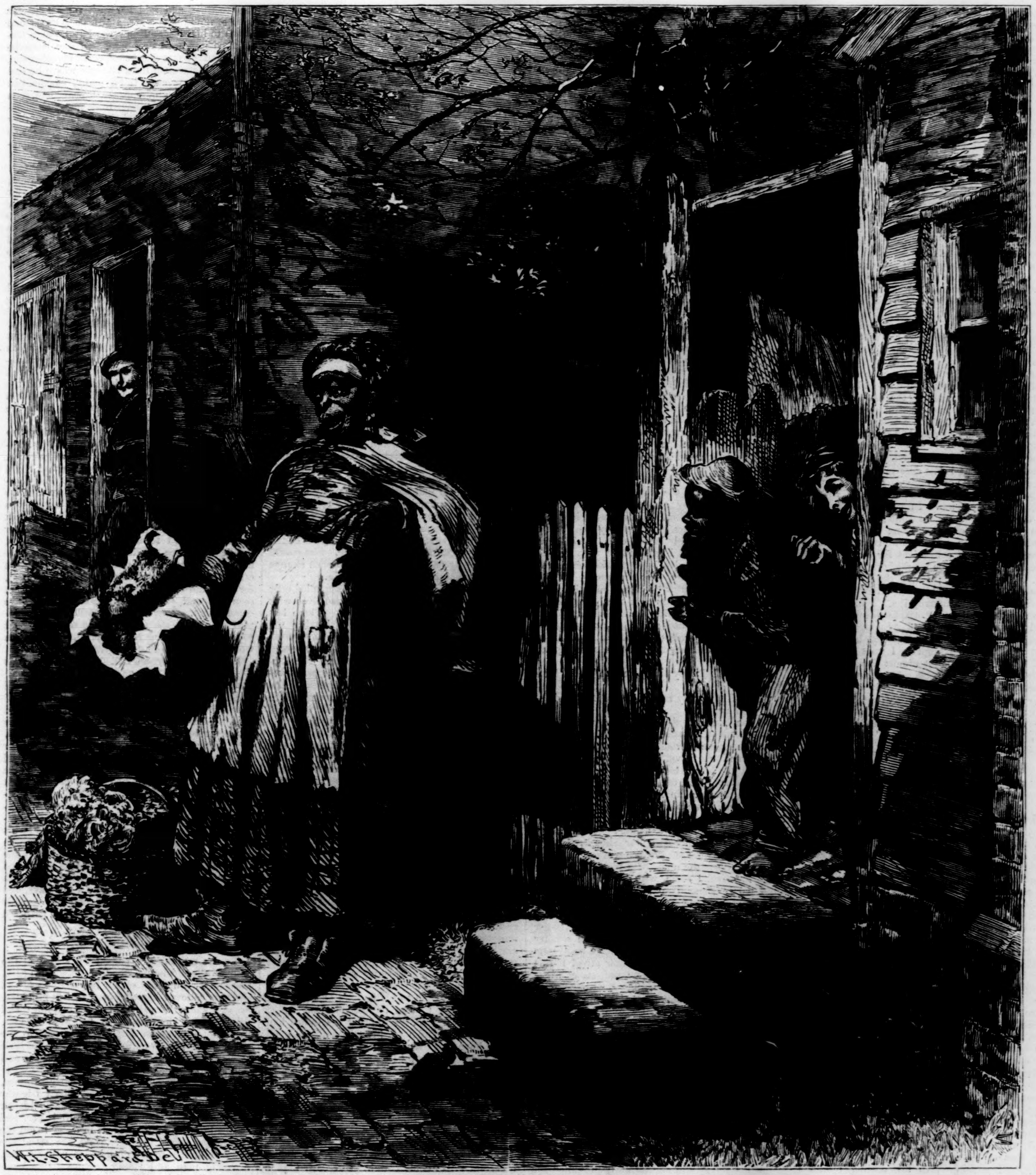
THE ONLY "EMERGENCIES" WE NEED FEAR (?).

DON CARLOS QUIXOTE AND SANCHO TIPTOE PANZA ON "THE PATH OF DUTY."

THE FRENCH ARMS INVESTIGATION.

Q. By Mr. Ames.—My object in asking the question I put was to show that the military men of the nation are not at all concerned, so far as the safety of the country is at stake, with reference to the small-arms! *A.* By Col. Benet.—Not in the slightest degree.

Q. By Mr. Schurz.—You give it as your professional opinion as a military man, that the supply of small-arms in this country at the present moment is sufficient for all emergencies? *A.* By Col. Benet.—I think so, emphatically.



APRIL-FOOLS DAY—AN AGGRAVATED CASE.—Drawn by W. L. Sheppard.—[See Page 277.]

AN APRIL MAIDEN.

Were you ever heavy-hearted, little May?
She tossed her pretty head,
As right merrily she said,
"Heavy-hearted? No, not I;
Yet a little makes me cry,
And a little less than half
Makes me laugh—
My mother often calls me 'April Day.'"

Were you ever very happy, little May?
Again she shook her head.
"I do not know," she said.
"*Very* happy? Who is so?
Not a single soul, you know;
Mother often tells me this,
With a kiss;
Our life, she says, is like an April day."

Were you ever very naughty, little May?
She flushed a rosy red
As, right saucily, she said,
"Very naughty? Let me see:
Why, I *have* been bad—for me;
I have trod on Pussy's toes,
And I've torn my Sunday clothes;
And, oh!—now, don't you tell!—
I mean to—well,
Fool every one I know on April-day."

STAGE FIGHTING.

Early theatrical audiences must have been extremely willing to help out the illusions of the performance, and abet the tax thus levied upon their credulity. Shakspeare's battles could hardly have been very forcibly presented. In his time no "host of auxiliaries" assisted the company. "Two armies flye in," Sir Philip Sidney writes in his "Apologie for Poetrie," 1595, "represented with four swords and bucklers, and what harde heart will not receive it for a pitched fielde?" So limited an array would not be deemed very impressive in these days; but it was held sufficient by the lieges of Elizabeth. Just as the Irish peasant is even now content to describe a mere squad of soldiers as "the army," so Shakspeare's audiences were willing to regard a few "blue-coated stage-keepers" as a formidable body of troops. And certainly the poet sometimes exercised to the utmost the imaginations of his patrons. In "King Richard the Third" Bosworth Field is represented, and the armies of Richard and Richmond are made to encamp within a few feet of each other. The ghosts of Richard's victims rise from the stage and address speeches alternately to him and to his opponent. English play-goers who can look back a score of years may remember a textual revival of the tragedy in which this scene was exhibited in exact accordance with the original stage directions. Richard and Richmond on the eve of their great battle quietly retired to rest in the presence of each other and of their audience. However to be commended on the score of its fidelity to the author's intentions, the scene had assuredly its ludicrous side. The rival tents wore the aspect of opposition shower-baths. It was exceedingly difficult to humor the idea that the figures occupying the stage could neither see nor hear one another. Why, if they but outstretched their arms they could have touched each other; and they were supposed to be mutually eager for combat to the death!

There can be no doubt that Shakspeare's battles had oftentimes the important aid of real gunpowder. The armies might be small; but the noise that accompanied their movements was surely very great. The stage direction "alarums and chambers go off" occurs more than once in "King Henry the Fifth." The chorus to the play expressly states:

> "Behold the ordnance on their carriages
> With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur,
> ....and the nimble gunner
> With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,
> And down goes all before them."

Gunpowder was even employed in plays wherein battles were not introduced. Thus, at the close of "Hamlet," Fortinbras says, "Go bid the soldiers shoot," and the stage direction runs, "A dead march. Exeunt bearing off the dead bodies; after which a peal of ordnance is shot off." And just as in 1846 the Garrick Theatre, in Goodman's Fields, was destroyed by fire owing to some wadding lodging in the flies after a performance of the "Battle of Waterloo," so in 1613 the Globe Theatre, in Southwark, was burned to the ground from the firing of "chambers" during a representation of "King Henry the Eighth." Howes, in his additions to Stow's "Chronicle," thus describes the event: "Also upon St. Peter's Day last (1613) the play-house or theatre called the Globe, upon the Bankside, near London, by negligent discharging of a peal of ordnance, close to the south side thereof, the theatre took fire, and the wind suddenly dispersed the flame round about, and in a very short space the whole building was quite consumed, and no man hurt; the house being filled with people to behold the play, namely, of 'Henry the Eighth;' and the next spring it was new builded in a far fairer manner than before."

The paucity of Shakspeare's stage armies has sometimes found its reflex in the limited means of country theatres of more modern date. The ambition of strolling managers is apt to be far in advance of their appliances, but they are rarely stayed by the difficulties of representation, or troubled with doubts as to the adequacy of their troupe, in the words of a famous commander, to "go any where and do any thing."

The single combats that occur in Shakspeare's plays are very numerous. There is little need to remind the reader, for instance, of the hand-to-hand encounters of Macbeth and Macduff, Posthumus and Iachimo, Hotspur and the Prince of Wales, Richard and Richmond. Romeo has his fierce brawl with Tybalt, Hamlet his famous fencing scene, and there is serious crossing of swords both in "Lear" and "Othello." English audiences, from an inherent pugnacity, or a natural inclination for physical feats, were wont to esteem highly the combats of the stage. The players were skilled in the use of their weapons, and could give excellent effect to their mimic conflicts. And this continued long after the wearing of swords had ceased to be a necessity or a fashion. The youthful actor acquired the art of fencing, as an indispensable step in his theatrical education. A sword was one of the earliest "properties" of which he became possessor. He always looked forward to impressing his audience deeply by his skill in combat. Charles Mathews, the elder, has recorded in his too brief chapters of autobiography "his passion for fencing, which nothing could overcome." As an amateur actor he paid the manager of the Richmond Theatre seven guineas and a half for permission to undertake "the inferior, insipid part of Richmond," who does not appear until the fifth act of the play. The Richard of the night was a brother amateur, equally enthusiastic—one Litchfield by name. "I cared for nothing," wrote Mathews, "except the last scene of Richmond, but in that I was determined to have my full swing of carte and tierce. I had no notion of paying my seven guineas and a half without indulging my passion. In vain did the tyrant try to die after a decent time; in vain did he give indications of exhaustion; I would not allow him to give in. I drove him by main force from any position convenient for his last dying speech. The audience laughed; I heeded them not. They shouted; I was deaf. Had they hooted, I should have lunged on in my unconsciousness of their interruption. I was resolved to show them all my accomplishments. Litchfield frequently whispered 'Enough!' but I thought with Macbeth, 'Damned be he who first cries, Hold! enough!' I kept him at it, and I believe we fought almost literally a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. To add to the merriment, a matter-of-fact fellow in the gallery, who in his innocence took every thing for reality, and who was completely wrapt up and lost by the very cunning of the scene, at last shouted out, 'Why don't he shoot him?'"

MISS GERMAINE.

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

I.

In some parts of the suburbs of New York city, the Bloomingdale region among the rest, are quaint, picturesque, and even romantic-looking old homes, cottage-built, ivy-clad, flower-surrounded, imbedded in gardens, and so separated from the outer and busy world as to seem no part of it. One of these, which had been tenanted by successive generations of the Germaine family almost since the days of New Amsterdam, was understood to be quietly offered for sale some two or three years ago. The family had run itself out, both in wealth and in numbers. It had dwindled down to a widow and a daughter. Then the widow died, and the daughter of eighteen was left alone in the world. Her health was somewhat delicate; her means were small. She was ordered by her physician to seek a warmer climate for at least two winters, and she had made up her mind to sell the old home where she could no longer live without the ever renewing of recent griefs.

Buyers ought to be easily found for so pretty and picturesque a place, and could have been found readily enough if things were done in proper business fashion. But Miss Isabel Germaine would do nothing in business fashion. Offer after offer she peremptorily rejected merely on seeing the proposing purchaser. "Oh no, Mr. Rowan," she would say, her eyes filling with tears, "I couldn't give my darling mother's house to him" (or to her, as the case might be). "I couldn't have him" (or her) "reading in dear father's library, sleeping in dear mother's room! It can't be. I would rather never sell it, and do without the money somehow."

Mr. Rowan did not very well see how the money could be done without, but it was no use his talking. The young lady would not sell the house to any one whose looks and manner displeased her. Many and many an eligible offer did Mr. Rowan bring almost to a conclusion, until Miss Germaine got a glance at the other party to the proposed bargain; and then the thing was at an end.

Mr. Rowan was a builder and house-decorator, whose principal premises were somewhere in Fourth Avenue. He had always looked after the Germaine house, attended to its repairs and redecorations, kept its gas-fittings in order, and in every other way been its practical business man ever since he started in business for himself. His father had been gardener to Dr. Germaine, the grandfather of our heroine. Mr. Rowan had prospered as the family of his father's patron decayed and declined, but he always felt the same interest and affection in the house and its occupants—now its one occupant. He it was who looked after every thing for Miss Germaine, from the ordering of her mother's funeral to the selling of her house. His manner to the young woman was still somewhat as if he were a mere house-decorator, or a land-steward, and she a lady of great fortune and powerful patronage.

The autumn was drawing on, and the doctors insisted that Isabel must soon leave New York and go either to Florida or Algeria. The house was not sold. Miss Germaine had just refused an excellent offer, because the gentleman making it had let fall a hint that he proposed to turn her father's library into a billiard-room. She grew pale, looked at Mr. Rowan; and he knew the thing was at an end.

"I dare say," he mildly pleaded, when the gentleman had been bowed out, "he could easily be induced to give up *that* notion if you only asked him, you know, and just explained how you feel, and—"

"Never!" was the young lady's eloquent reply. Its tone was, at least, as decisive as that of M. Rouher's famous "Jamais!" and there was this difference, that Isabel was in a position to keep her word, whereas M. Rouher was soon out of all condition for maintaining his.

But that was a day of Destiny. *The* purchaser was at hand. The hour came, and with it the woman. An English lady, with one daughter, saw the place, came straightway in, and opened negotiation with Miss Germaine herself. The lady's husband, Mr. Alsager, was about to live in New York as the head of the American branch of a London banking house. He and his family had been staying at first in one of the fashionable hotels in the city, and his wife detested the way of living there. Then they took a furnished house on Murray Hill, and his daughter abhorred that. She would have a lawn, a garden, and a house that was not new, and all these attributes were combined in Isabel's old home. The elder lady was fair, sweet, and sympathetic; the daughter was fair, plump, pretty, and with a winning manner charmingly made up of the affectionate and the imperious. Isabel was especially touched by the fondness of mother and daughter for each other. They seemed like tenderly attached sisters. When they heard that Isabel's mother had lately died, their tone and manner to Isabel grew more friendly and sweet than ever; and Miss Germaine observed, with a swelling heart, that the young English lady instinctively threw her arm round her own mother and clung to her as if the bare thought of a possible separation had affrighted her. The elder lady turned upon her and smiled a sweet, reassuring smile; and Isabel loved them both. A basis of negotiation was soon agreed upon.

"Papa will do any thing we like," said Miss Alsager.

"And I have only myself to please," said Isabel, with a sigh.

As the house would need some new decorations to suit the taste of the coming owners, Miss Germaine earnestly recommended Mr. Rowan, and mentioned his long connection with the family. Mrs. Alsager was only too glad to have trouble taken off her hands; and Isabel ventured to make an appointment for the day next but one, when Mr. Rowan could be present, and every thing could be arranged.

The next day but one, at the appointed hour, Mrs. Alsager and her daughter Alice were at the place. They were shown into a room in which they could hear the notes of a piano. It was a large, low-roofed room, with folding-doors that stood partly open. The autumn sun shone upon the room where the strangers stood, and left the smaller apartment on which the folding-doors opened partly in shadow. But Mrs. Alsager and her daughter could see that in the smaller room Isabel sat at a piano, and that a handsome young man with dark curling hair stood beside her. She was playing some sad, sweet air—some air that spoke vaguely, yet with penetrating conviction, of separation and farewell.

In a moment Isabel rose and advanced to meet the visitors, yet not so quickly but that the mother and daughter had exchanged speaking glances. They thought they could understand *that* scene.

Miss Germaine did not show the slightest embarrassment. "Mr. Rowan has come," she said. "I have been trying to amuse him;" and she smiled rather a wan smile.

"Mr. Rowan!" repeated Mrs. Alsager, in a tone of surprise; and she looked round for the elderly builder.

"Not Mr. Rowan, the father," said Isabel, "but his son;" and she formally presented the young man to the two ladies, who, fresh from England, bowed rather coldly.

"My father says he begins to distrust his own judgment in modern household affairs," said young Rowan, "and he always insists on one of us taking his place when any thing new has to be looked after. *I* don't agree with him. I only wish I had as good an artistic judgment even by training as he seems to have by instinct. But he will have it so, and so I have taken the liberty to come to-day instead of him. If you will allow me to show you over the house, Mrs. Alsager, I shall be happy to take your instructions, and to offer any suggestion—with your leave—that may occur to me."

His manner was as cool and easy as though he were a gentleman of fortune showing his new house to two or three friends; yet in all the business details of the inspection he deported himself simply as the skilled artisan taking orders and giving experienced suggestions. Mrs. Alsager disliked him at first, merely because she was a little shocked to see a young lady on such familiar terms with a house-builder's son. But his manner was very good—neither constrained nor in the least degree intrusive—his taste and judgment seemed perfect, and he was certainly very handsome.

When young Rowan was taking his leave Isabel shook hands with him in the warmest manner, and said, in a low tone,

"I shall see you again—to-morrow?"

"Every day," he answered, "if you will allow me, until—until you go."

The words were spoken by both in a low tone, but without the least attempt at secrecy. Mrs. Alsager and her daughter exchanged lightning glances of wonder.

"Mamma, how strange!" Miss Alice exclaimed, when the two were in their carriage together. "I do believe she is in love with him—the son of a builder, or gas-fitter, or something."

"My dear, I almost think she is. What an odd country!"

"She *seems* a perfect lady."

"She *is* a perfect lady. I am told that there is no better family here than hers. And I never met a more agreeable and lady-like girl in my life."

"Nor I. I like her immensely. But how can she go on so with him? Isn't he a very handsome young man?"

"Very. He would pass off for a gentleman any where. A strange country! It will be long before I understand it; but I am inclined to like every thing."

The details of redecoration and alteration required many interviews between Mrs. Alsager and young Rowan. The elder Rowan sometimes came, and was always the respectful, commonplace man of business, in whom one could not help feeling confidence, but whom certainly no one could take for a gentleman. The more Mrs. Alsager knew of the younger man the more she liked him. He had been educated at Harvard; he had read a great deal; he could talk French, and could converse about Taine and Ruskin and art; he could play the piano; yet he never seemed to dream of being above his business. Even Alice after a while became quite reconciled to him.

Both ladies grew very fond of Isabel. Mrs. Alsager insisted that until she was ready to leave the house not a hand should be put to alter any of its arrangements, nor should the new owners or any of their servants enter it except as visitors. This, at least, spared Isabel some pangs. To the last the old home was to be the same. She should never see any change in it—except such change as Fate inexorable had already made.

Isabel was to go to Florida, accompanied only by her maid, a Swedish girl, who had lived with her since they both were children. These last days were very sad. Isabel was leaving the home of her birth, her childhood, her affections—the home which now seemed like the sacred grave of her dead father and mother. The doctors assured her that a warm climate would restore her health; but she sometimes fancied she felt a presentiment that her own grave would be made in the South, and she thought it might perhaps as well be so, although she yearned to lie near her mother in death. Yet she always showed an outward cheerfulness and courage. Her one great consolation was so purely sentimental that practical minds would scorn her for it—the thought that tender and kindly hands would care for the places that had been hers, that the sweet voices of loving women and the pure breath of an affectionate and happy household would gladden the old rooms so dear to her.

Was there no thought of sadness, no grief of parting, no gleam of hope in her which had another source?

The idea that had shot so quickly into the minds of Mrs. Alsager and her daughter when first they saw young Rowan with Isabel had never occurred to him. He saw Miss Germaine sweet and friendly to him, as she was to his father and to every one. He saw that no idea of social separation ever seemed to express itself in her manner. But she came of a great old family, and his father was only a better sort of working-man, and he himself aspired to nothing higher than the succession to his father's business. It never occurred to him as possible that Isabel could care for him. Now that his father had money and she had none, his spirit and manhood would have repelled such a thought more utterly than ever. As Isabel Germaine could not love such a fellow as he, would he allow his soul to entertain, even for an instant, the thought that money could buy her? But he loved her, made her his idol, consecrated his thoughts to her, confessed his love to himself, and was glad in the knowledge of it.

He came to see her for the last time before her journey South. They were friendly, sad, and in a certain sense confidential. But each kept a great thought back from the other.

"Would you mind doing me a little favor before I leave you?" he suddenly asked.

"Surely I will do any thing you wish. What is it?"

"Only to sing me *that* song once more."

She looked up at him with sad and speaking eyes. But he was looking down; had almost turned away.

She sat to the piano and played and sang in low, sweet tones the air we have already heard her play. The evening was setting in; the room was growing gray in the dusk. The voice of the singer became fainter and fainter, as deepening emotions and memories poured in upon her, and once it seemed as if she were about to break down. But she rallied bravely and went on to the end.

He spoke not a word but "Thank you, and good-by." In the gathering dark she hardly knew that he was going until he had gone. She looked eagerly round, found that she was alone, and broke into tears.

II.

The air of the South, and perhaps her removal from scenes overshadowed by melancholy association, did wonders for Miss Germaine. A few months made a marked change. She grew stronger and stronger every day. She had received many letters from the place she still called home. Mr. Rowan the elder wrote to her from time to time, and told her with some apparent pride of the kindness Mr. and Mrs. Alsager had shown to his son, and how the latter was a frequent visitor at their house. In one letter he mentioned the fact that he expected his other son, Eustace, home soon from Europe, where he had sent him for education in Germany. Isabel had but little memory of Eustace Rowan, and soon forgot this piece of news. Both the Alsager ladies wrote to her several times. At first they too mentioned Frank Rowan often, and spoke warmly of him; but of late his name seldom appeared in their letters.

In fact, after Isabel's departure, Mrs. Alsager, seeing that Frank Rowan was in education, manner, and nature a true gentleman, had so far conquered her English prejudices as to ask her husband whether they might not invite him to dinner. Mr. Alsager, who had made all his own way in life for himself, only replied, "Good gracious, my dear, why not, if you like it?" So Frank Rowan dined there once, and then often, and was much liked by all.

Isabel had made up her mind that she would pay a visit to New York, and was actually writing to Mrs. Alsager on the subject, when a bundle of letters came in. The first was from Mr. Rowan. After telling her many scraps of unimportant news, it wound up with these words: "You will have heard, no doubt, of my son's approaching marriage to Miss Alsager. It's a great honor, and one I never looked for. But the boy is a good boy, well brought up, and like a gentleman; and I am well pleased with the prospect, as I am sure you will be."

With trembling hands, and doing her best to keep her lips steady, Isabel opened Mrs. Alsager's letter. It was very kind and affectionate. Toward the close it assumed that she had heard from Mr. Rowan all about the approaching marriage. "My dear, in your country we English unlearn our nonsense, and find that a man is a man. Twelve months ago I should have thought any one mad who talked of such a thing. Now I am reconciled to it; to-morrow, perhaps, I shall even rejoice. The lad is a perfect gentleman, and he and she are immensely fond of each other. You ought to take a deep interest in it, for it is indirectly all your doing. Had we not seen you and your house it would never have come about. Now can't *you* follow the example? I sha'n't say what I once thought about *you*, but I do know *somebody*, and I wish you would come up and let me give you away."

Isabel let the letters fall. So this, then, was the end: and he had never loved her—never; and that last night she had so nearly betrayed herself! Oh, how she loved him that night, and longed that he would but speak! That night, and always—for years and years at least! And he had never loved her—all the time! In the full, deep misery of the knowledge there was to her but the one consolation that she had not betrayed herself—that her secret was and ever should be her own. She disciplined her heart for that night; wrote two letters of reply and congratulation (in which, however, she could not force herself to mention Frank Rowan's name); and announced that she was soon about to leave Florida for some other climate, she was not yet certain where. When she had sealed these letters she felt as if she had signed her farewell to life and hope and all that would have made life worth the having. She left Florida in a few days, and crossed the ocean to Europe, and for a whole year was utterly lost to the friends who gathered under the roof of her old home.

III.

Twelve months had passed away, and at the door of the old home stood Isabel once again. She had grown weary of her life in Europe, and she now believed herself cured of her idle love. So she had returned to her own country; and driven partly by friendship for Mrs. Alsager, partly by a nameless impulse, she went to the old house. She stood for a moment at the little side gate so familiar to her, then opened it and went in.

It was a beautiful evening of early summer, and the grass and the garden looked friendly and winning to the eyes of poor lonely Isabel. Their very friendliness overpowered her, and she had to stop for a moment in order to get the tear-drops out of her eyes. As she stood she saw two figures seated on a bench under a tree, a young man and young woman. She knew Alice's fair hair and graceful figure, although the girl's face was turned away; and her heart beat with a cruel pang as she saw the dark curls of the young man. His face too she could not see; but nobody could fail to perceive at a glance that these two were a young married pair. Isabel determined to crush a weakness that seemed shameful and selfish to her. She *would* go up and frankly offer her congratulations. But suddenly the young man raised his head; she saw his face, and it was not the face of Frank Rowan! It was like him—that is, somewhat like—but it was not he! Alice now was nestling in his arms. Surely this must be her husband, yet as surely it is not Frank Rowan!

Isabel felt the blood mount to her forehead, and her eyes grew dim and the tears seemed to flicker and become enveloped in a mist. She had not been seen by the young married pair, and she avoided them and hastened to the house. The door stood open, and, unseen by any one, she entered the old familiar room where her piano used to stand. A piano was there still, and the folding-doors were nearly closed. Isabel was about to ring the bell in order to make her presence known, when she heard two voices in the adjoining room; and she could not move from where she stood: the sounds and words had a fascination for her. She seemed to have no choice left: she could only stand and listen.

"My poor Frank," said the voice of Mrs. Alsager, "I am so grieved about you and about her! But, you foolish boy, why didn't you speak out in time?"

"I don't know—I hadn't the courage; and even if I had, what would have been the use? She never could have loved me; I know it."

It was the voice of Frank Rowan which spoke thus.

"How would your brother have got his wife if he hadn't at least given Alice a chance of accepting him? Do you think she could have proposed for him?"

"Eustace is a better fellow than I am every way; and then Alice was always near—and you were so kind! But it was different with *us*—I mean with *me*—and now I have lost her forever."

"Frank," said Mrs. Alsager, speaking in a very grave tone, "do you know, I always suspected that in her heart Isabel Germaine loved you?"

"Oh, Mrs. Alsager, don't torture me for nothing. It can not be. If it were so, why should she have gone away in such a manner; left us without a word to let us know where even a friendly line might reach her?"

"That very thing is one of my reasons. I can't tell why, but I have often thought we were not clear enough in explaining about Alice's marriage. I took it for granted that your father had explained every thing, he took it for granted that I explained, and we neither of us did; and I fear we made a sad blunder of it."

"But what could that have had to do with her sudden disappearance?"

"Don't you understand? Can't you guess?"

"I don't understand; I can't guess."

"Suppose she thought it was you, and not Eustace, that was to marry Alice?"

There was a sudden sound as if Frank had sprung to his feet, and he exclaimed,

"Oh, Mrs. Alsager, if I could only believe in that, I would search the whole world for her until I found her! And I would bring her back or kill myself before her eyes! What is life to me without her?"

Isabel could endure no more. A sudden inspiration seized her. She turned to the piano and played a few hurried, tremulous bars of the old and familiar farewell air which *he* knew so well. There was a cry in the next room, a crash, a flinging back of folding-doors, and Mrs. Alsager and Frank rushed into the room, and Isabel was nearly fainting with emotion—half shame, half joy—when the young man caught her in his arms.

No more of the story needs to be told but that the Alsagers found the old home too small for them, as their daughter Alice and her husband were always to live with them. So they discovered another place not very far away, and they made arrangement to resell the old home to Frank Rowan for his young wife and himself. Nor does the tale need any particular moral, except, perhaps, that in announcing by letter an approaching marriage it is always safer to mention the exact names of the persons about to marry.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Major Powell has returned from the cañons of the Colorado, having left his party in the field in charge of Professor Thompson. Since the party started in April last it has passed through the cañons of Green River and the cañons of the Colorado to the mouth of the Paria, at the head of Marble Cañon. Here the major left his boats for the winter, and he expects to return as soon as there is a favorable stage of water, and embark for the second trip through the Grand Cañon.

On the way down the party explored the region to the west of the Green and Colorado, tracing the courses of the larger streams emptying into the two great rivers to their sources in the Wasatch Mountains and Sevier Plateau, and examined the geology of the great mesas and cliffs.

Early in the winter a base-line 47,000 feet in length was measured on a meridian running south from Kanab, and the party is now engaged in extending a system of triangles along the cliffs and peaks among lateral cañons of the Colorado.

During the past season the party has discovered many more ruins of the communal houses once occupied by the prehistoric people of that land. Many of these houses stood on the cliffs overhanging the cañons, and many more are found in the valleys among the mountains to the west. Stone implements, pottery, basket-ware, and other articles were found buried in some of the ruins.

The major found a tribe of Utes on the Kaibab Plateau who still make stone arrow-heads and other stone implements, and he had opportunity to observe the process of manufacturing such tools.

An account of the oyster trade of Baltimore, as published in the New York *Journal of Commerce*, has been sent to Mr. Frank Buckland, the eminent pisciculturist, who republishes the article in his journal, *Land and Water*, and takes occasion to comment upon the reckless waste exhibited by the Americans in their practice of burning oyster-shells. He states that it is upon old shells that the oyster spat, or the young oysters, are best able to fix themselves, and that in the absence of such a help a great portion of the young fry must necessarily go to destruction. He thinks also that greater care should be taken to throw back into the water the young oysters, instead of destroying them by steaming, as is done so generally when oysters are prepared for canning.

He states that in England large sums of money are expended for empty oyster-shells, to be laid in the mouths of the rivers for the purposes referred to, and he thinks that in a little while we shall begin to feel the result of the short-sighted policy adopted in the management of our oyster fisheries.

Mr. Joseph Sullivant, of Columbus, Ohio, a well-known naturalist, publishes an account in the *Ohio State Journal* of the capture of the *Bassaris astuta*, or ring-tailed cat of the Rio Grande region. It was taken in Fairfield County, Ohio, and was said to have been accompanied by a second specimen. The occurrence of this animal so far north is very remarkable, and it may be a question whether it had not been brought from Mexico or California, and escaped from confinement. It is an animal very much sought after as a pet, being clean in its habits, and readily becoming very tame and affectionate; indeed, it would seem to be quite a desirable animal to domesticate and keep about the house as a protection against rats and mice. Some years ago a specimen of this same animal was brought into the Smithsonian Institution, having been captured in a hen-coop near the city. It was in capital condition and in full fur; but it had evidently escaped from captivity, as shown by the marks of the rubbing of a collar around the neck.

In a lecture lately delivered by Herr Weyprecht before the Academy of Sciences of Vienna upon the expedition instituted by himself and Lieutenant Payer during the past summer, of which frequent mention has been made in our columns, he recommends the following as the plan of campaign for the coming season. As soon as the northern coast of Nova Zembla is free from ice, which may be looked for in the second half of August, a movement should be made as quickly as possible to the east, in order to reach New Siberia the same season, if possible. The greatest difficulty will be met near Cape Tscheljuskin, around which the ice is very apt to accumulate, and for the avoidance of which it may be necessary to go around toward the north. East of this the polynia will be found, through which New Siberia, perhaps, will be easily attainable.

If these islands can be reached the first year, it will be well to winter there, or upon any lands still farther to the north, and devote the next summer to explore the polynia, and in making a movement toward the north. If New Siberia can not be reached the first summer, then the first winter must be passed at Cape Tscheljuskin; if possible, to the eastward of it. In this event the second summer must be devoted to reaching New Siberia. The third summer, in this case, should be occupied in endeavoring to reach an American port through the polynia and Behring Straits. A voyage of this kind may require two winters and three summers, and will have as its work an investigation of the broad, unknown sea to the north of Siberia. The results of a successful exploration of this region will doubtless be of the most interesting character, and may do a great deal toward solving the remaining problems of arctic discovery.

A Swedish and Norwegian fishery exhibition was held during the summer of 1871 at Gothenburg, the articles offered for competition filling a building 130 feet long and 53 feet wide. There were two classes of these articles—the products of the fisheries, and the apparatus used for prosecuting them. Among the articles presented were various forms of fish manures, prepared mainly from the refuse of the cod-fishery, as gathered and treated on the Loffoden Islands. There was also a great variety of fish prepared in different ways, not only by drying, salting, pickling, etc., but put up in more pretentious forms, like anchovies, sardines, and the like. Among these was a preparation of fresh herring, which was considered extremely delicious, the recipe for which may be of interest to our readers.

The freshly caught herrings are laid immediately in vinegar diluted with about one-fourth water, and with the addition of a little salt. They are left in this solution twenty-four hours, after which they are taken out and the liquid allowed to drain off. They are then to be placed in kegs or jars, and a mixture of the following ingredients sprinkled in among them: For each lot of eighty fish one pound of dry, fine, soluble salt, one pound of common sugar, half an ounce of coarse pepper, half an ounce of bay leaves, half an ounce of saltpetre, one-fourth of an ounce of red-sanders (to impart a handsome red color), one-eighth of an ounce of ginger, and one-eighth of an ounce of cloves.

The "Brown Institution" in London for sick animals, of which we have already presented a notice to our readers, bids fair to be of great public utility in direct connection with its mission. A handsome grant having been made by the Chamber of Agriculture, the gentlemen connected with this institution are about undertaking a series of observations upon the treatment and comparative pathology of pleuro-pneumonia.

The report of Mr. Hunter Davidson, commissioner of the fishing force of the State of Maryland, has just been published, and contains much important information and many valuable suggestions in regard to the fisheries of the State. Mr. Davidson's duties are more especially in connection with the oyster fisheries; and in his report he discusses the comparative advantages and results of dredging oysters and of taking them with tongs. As to dredging, he advises very earnestly that this be confined to those months of the year when the oysters are not spawning, and that only dredges of a certain size and weight shall be used. He also insists that the dredgers shall be required to cull the oysters while at the beds, and throw back all oysters under a certain size and all separate shells, and at the same time to destroy the star-fishes and other noxious animals taken that prey upon the oysters. He thinks only half of the dredging-grounds of the State should be disturbed in each year, which, taking the close time into consideration, would give a period of rest of about seventeen months. These regulations, he thinks, will preserve the beds, and greatly increase the value of their product.

He considers the actual operation of dredging, when not carried to excess, to be as important to the interest of the business as plowing and harrowing are to the cultivation of the soil, as preventing the oysters from accumulating unduly in particular localities and forming oyster rocks. These, he states, occur in the James River, like immense cones, frequently rising to the surface from a depth of from ten to sixty feet.

The ninth number of the illustrated work on the butterflies of North America, in course of publication by Mr. William H. Edwards, has just made its appearance, and we are informed that the tenth number, to appear very shortly, will conclude the first volume. This number, like its predecessors, is accompanied by a great many quarto plates in the highest style of pictorial excellence, depicting some extremely beautiful species and varieties of butterflies. Among these are three varieties of *Papilio ajax*—namely, *Walshii*, *P. telamonides*, and *Marcellus*—to which we have already referred in a previous number of the "Scientific Intelligence."

Mr. Edwards in his paper makes some judicious remarks upon the uncertainty that exists in regard to the true character of many butterflies which some naturalists consider as perfectly distinct species, and others as mere varieties. He takes the ground that the only way of coming to a satisfactory conclusion is to breed them, and ascertain whether the eggs from the same female develop similar larvæ or not, and whether these, even if different, produce the same perfect insects or different ones. The attempt at discriminating from the perfect insect alone he considers extremely unsatisfactory.

An excellent illustration of the enterprise of Chicago is shown in the fact of its having commenced the publication, on the 1st of January last, of a quarterly journal of microscopy and the allied natural sciences, under the title of *The Lens*, and edited by Mr. S. A. Briggs, a well-known microscopist of that city. This first number is well written, embracing a number of excellent articles, and if continued for any length of time in the same spirit, will undoubtedly prove a success. The most valuable article is a conspectus of the families and genera of the *Diatomaceæ*, by Professor Hamilton S. Smith. This is a subject to which much attention has been paid, on account of the variety of forms, and the interest attaching to their examination under the microscope: and we are glad to see that after the many years of labor in this field, Professor Smith has at last commenced to publish his results. We hope now that, not satisfied with this conspectus, which embraces a diagnosis of the tribes, families, and genera, he will favor us with synopses and descriptions of the species, and with figures of the more interesting and important forms.

The journal also contains valuable suggestions by Dr. Woodward, of the Army Medical Museum, and others, on subjects mainly connected with microscopy.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Washington society has been greatly enlivened during the Lenten season by the presence of the Japanese embassy. Complimentary entertainments were given in their honor by many prominent persons, and Prince Iwakura, in return for the many attentions shown him and his countrymen, gave a magnificent reception at the Arlington, where the embassy were quartered. There were present from fifteen hundred to two thousand persons, and the Japanese gentlemen endured a succession of introductions and passed through an ordeal of hand-shaking which must have been somewhat fatiguing, as this style of greeting is still a novelty to them. The supper-table was spread elegantly and abundantly in the large dining-room of the hotel. Nothing was lacking which the most fastidious taste could desire. The table itself was seventy feet long, and elaborately adorned with the rarest exotics, with fancy confectionery and ices, and eatables of every name and form. Innumerable little banners fluttered from the chandeliers, and the room was draped with American and Japanese flags, alternating with the coat of arms of each country. The attractions of the evening were enhanced by fine music and the presence of elegantly dressed ladies. Altogether this reception was a brilliant affair.

The circulation of Tennyson's poems is stated by an English publisher to be larger in the United States than in England, while that of Longfellow's is larger in England than in the United States. This is a curious circumstance.

Madame Thiers, wife of the President, has given her decision against women being adorned with hair that grows not from their own scalps. Madame believes that Paris rules the world of fashion, and that the wife of the supreme executive rules the fashion of Paris. We wish her success in her endeavor: it will relieve the purses of men and the heads of women.

Pigeon-flying is one of the popular sports of Belgium. The breeding and training of birds are carried on in the most systematic manner, and matches are frequently instituted for various distances from one to nine hundred miles for trained birds of different ages. At some of the railway stations in Belgium large numbers of these birds may often be seen in charge of a single man, who has instructions for letting them loose at certain distances from their homes.

Mr. Sumner has the reputation of being the most constant attendant upon his official duties among all the Senators. Since his illness last spring he has been compelled to be frequently absent from his seat. But previously, with the exception of the time when he was disabled sixteen years ago, and when he was called East to attend his mother during her last sickness, about six years ago, it is said that he has never been absent longer than twenty minutes from the Senate during its sessions. He has not been inside the House of Representatives for several years.

The progress in mechanical science is shown by the statement of Dr. Lardner that 480 tons of coal, with an engine and hoisting-machine, would have raised every stone of the Great Pyramid to position. It should be remembered that the Great Pyramid weighs 12,760,000,000 tons, and, according to Herodotus, it took the labor of 100,000 men twenty years to build it.

Sir Roderick Murchison bequeathed to the Museum of Practical Geology the celebrated vase of Siberian aventurine given him by the Emperor Nicholas of Russia. The vase is now in position in the museum. It is four feet high and six in circumference, and stands on a pedestal of polished gray porphyry. Another similar vase was presented to Baron Humboldt, and is now in the Royal Museum, Berlin. The materials for the base and pedestal were obtained in the Kourgon Mountains, and cut and polished in Siberia.

Spelling is usually regarded by young folks as an unpleasant school task; and a perfect speller, among either young or old, is a rare personage. This important part of education may easily be turned into a sort of recreative amusement by a little ingenuity, which will awaken a healthful ambition concerning it. We know families where a sort of frolic is carried on for a while in the evening by the propounding of hard words to spell. Every body "gives out" words, and the children feel that they are not dunces themselves when they find their parents sometimes fail to be correct. The dictionary is at hand for consultation, and the comparative merits of Webster and Worcester discussed, and the various authorized spellings of sundry words explained. A list of words which has afforded considerable amusement in one family is one which was given out at a session of the Orange County (New York) Teachers' Institute, not many months ago, and which had been previously used in institutes in this State. At the Orange County meeting the fifty words were given to ninety-four teachers, with the request that they should write them out on paper. It is stated that in the ninety-four papers examined there were 2663 mistakes—not one having succeeded in spelling every word correctly. We give the list for the amusement and improvement of the young folks, adding, moreover, that although it has been printed in several newspapers, we have not been able to find all the words correctly spelled in any case. These are the "hard words:"

Intermittent, heresy, bilious, coercion, ecstasy, clarionet, surcingle, paralyze, licorice, trafficking, suspicion, ellipsis, apostacy, deleble, mortgaging, singeing, skillfully, subpœna, allegeable, ignitible, phosphorescence, jeopardize, ebullition, aeronautic, sibylline, cachinnation, vacillation, bacchanalian, fascination, crystallize, catechise, trisyllable, tyrannize, apologize, gauging, saccharine, hemorrhage, rendezvous, Fahrenheit, Galilean, Sadducee, erysipelas, hieroglyphics, apochrypha, daguerreotype, idiosyncrasy, canaille, cannibal, mignonette, kaleidoscope.

Generosity is a noble faculty—at least the Detroit *Free Press* seems to be of that opinion in telling the story of a lady who recently crossed the Great Western dépôt at Windsor and dropped her pocket-book. She made a loud outcry at her mishap, and a ragged little boy, with his hair sticking up through an old hat, and his toes peeping out of his boots, came forward with the pocket-book, which he had found. It contained, as the lady informed the railroad officials, $7000 in bonds, $7000 in notes, and $1000 in greenbacks, making its cash value to her as good as $15,000. She was, of course, well pleased with the boy's action, and asked his name, age, the circumstances of the family, and finally opened the pocket-book to reward him. She hunted all through it, found two ten-cent pieces, and handing them to the lad, told him to always remember that a good action was sure to bring a good reward. The *Free Press* informs us that the "boy jerked off his old hat, thanked her, and ran off to buy ten cords of wood and a barrel of flour and other stuff to last his widowed mother until spring."

Deposits of coal and of iron ore have been discovered in Texas, near the city of Houston. These resources will prove of the greatest value to Texas.

Twenty-five women from the most worthy families in an Iowa village recently visited the two drinking-saloons of the place, and after slight resistance on the part of the owners they made quick work in demolishing casks, decanters, bottles, etc., and poured the contents into the streets. After completing their work they returned quietly to their homes, but expressed the determination to repeat the performance whenever it becomes necessary.

It was said by a looker-on that when President Grant introduced his cabinet to the Japanese embassy there was no hand-shaking. "The Americans snapped their heads in the usual jerky way, but the Japanese gave them the graceful salam of the East. An Oriental only knows how to bow."

A stony brother of the Cardiff giant has just been dug up in Nebraska. This petrified gentleman measures seven feet across the shoulders and eighteen feet from head to heels. Doubtless we shall hear more of him ere long.

Before we have had scarcely a breath of spring the annual croakers are predicting only half a crop of peaches. According to them we have had only half a crop for many years, but that half crop has served a very good purpose.

An Australian paper gives a very simple remedy for *all* forms of sore throat, and one which it asserts is certainly efficacious. It is wearing a soft old silk handkerchief next the skin and close around the neck, especially during the night. A common sore throat is said to be relieved in an hour by this application; a serious case requires a day to be cured. Such a remedy is so simple that every one may easily test it without danger or difficulty.

The new National Park in the Yellow Stone Valley lies in two Territories, Montana and Wyoming. According to the bill which has passed Congress, the jurisdiction of the soil will remain forever in the hands of the Federal government.

The *Moniteur Scientifique* gives the results of certain researches in regard to meat extracts and beef tea. They are in substance as follows: Meat extracts are neither directly nor indirectly food, for they do not contain albuminoid matter, neither do the nitrogenous principles which they contain prevent the waste of the organic matter which composes the body. In small doses these extracts are useful, by the stimulant action of the potassa salts, which promote digestion and circulation; in strong doses—too large at once—these substances may have a very injurious effect. When given to convalescents from serious diseases, especially if the system is exhausted by prolonged abstinence, the potassa salts, present in these extracts in large quantities, will act more injuriously, because the system has lost a great deal of chloride of sodium; instead of promoting digestion, these substances will interfere with it. Medical men should bear in mind that, if given alone, these extracts, and likewise beef tea, are no nutriment, and only tend to keep the convalescent weak, being thus ill fed, or, rather, not fed at all. These conclusions are substantially those entertained by Liebig and many other investigators in the same field.

The National University at Athens, Greece, has a corps of sixty professors, and about twelve hundred pupils. It receives its support from government, and is free to all classes. There is also at Athens a college for women, but female education is sadly neglected in Greece.

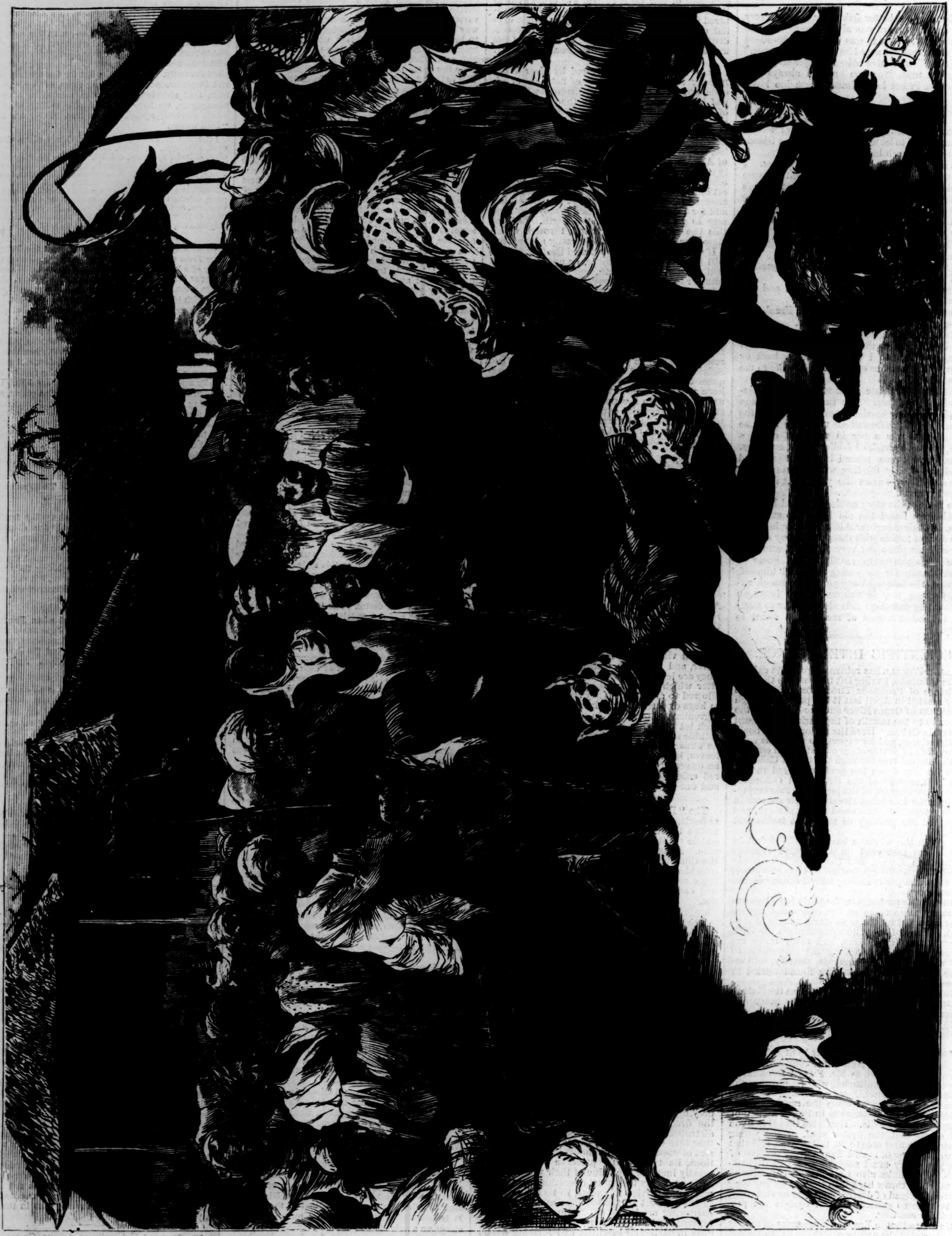
Adelina Patti is full of business for the next year. She has engagements in Vienna, London, Hamburg, Moscow, and St. Petersburg, to be fulfilled prior to her long-promised visit to the United States.

HUMAN TIGERS.

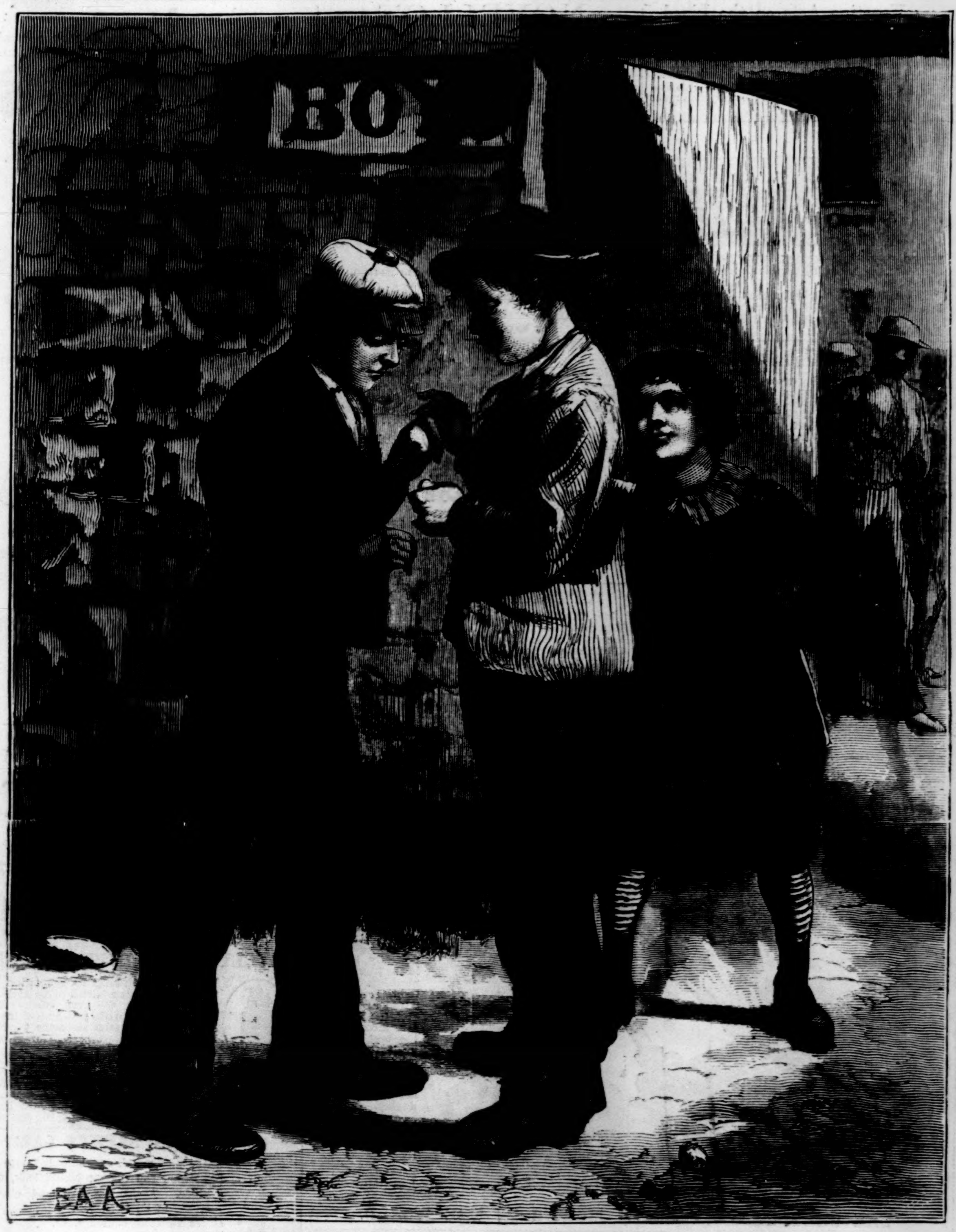
This is a common scene in the bazars and about the lines of British Sepoy regiments in any station in India during the Mohammedan festival of the Mohurrum. This festival is of a religious nature, celebrating the martyrdom of Hasan and Hussain, sons of Ali, cousin and pupil of Mohammed, who is recognized by one sect of Mohammedans—viz., the "Shias"—as a prophet equal to Mohammed himself. The veneration by this sect for Ali and his descendants brings them into collision with the more orthodox sect of the "Sonnis," who recognize no prophet to be equal to Mohammed; and on this day the enthusiasm of the opposite parties often leads to the most violent demonstrations of religious zeal. Nowadays the festival, so far from being peculiar to one sect of Mohammedans, is celebrated by all the lower classes of natives, of whatever creed, Hindoos being perfectly willing to shout "Hasan!" "Hussain!" so long as it gives them an excuse for a holiday.

The tiger has no connection with the religious proceedings of the day. The animal, being the great terror of the country, was probably introduced into the general mummery just as any popular bogie might be into any carnival in the world.

The Sepoys from Oude and Hindostan proper make the best tigers, their small waists and supple bodies enabling them the better to imitate the stealthy action of the beast; but, besides natural advantages, some practice is necessary before a man can appear with success in the part. When really proficient, the action of the man-tiger is as perfect as possible, considering how extremely unlike the animal the human form is in its natural state. The dress, or rather undress, necessary for the part is a skull-cap with ears affixed, a pair of gloves in the likeness of the animal's paws, a tall nodding tufted tail, short tight-fitting drawers, and paint applied over all from head to foot, at the discretion of the performer. The tiger is attended by two or three keepers, one of whom holds him by a chain round the waist, one supports his tail, and a third perhaps carries a "dummy sheep," to be used as a prey. A drum (without which no native performance would be complete) is hired from the bazar, and a few friends join in to encourage the others. The party remains out all day, which must be tiring work for the principal, who has to keep his muscles working the whole time, being always in a crouching position—partly on all fours and partly supporting himself by the muscles of the thighs. Every now and then he has to go through the performance of killing the dummy sheep, which, with the heat, dust, and incidental roaring, is no joke. There is always great rivalry between the parties. In the sketch two tigers have met face to face, and a feline row is imminent. The cat-like posture and action of the two players is very striking.



HUMAN TIGERS AT THE MOHURRUM FESTIVAL, INDIA.



EASTER SPORTS—BOYS CRACKING EGGS.—[Drawn by E. A. Abbey.]

CRACKING EASTER-EGGS.

Boys all over the country will understand this picture; but for the benefit of those who have grown to be men without ever having been boys (and there are many who have been so unfortunate) we may say that the sport illustrated in the sketch consists in knocking eggs together, end to end, and the egg first cracked is forfeited to the owner of the harder one. The rules of the game vary in different parts of the country. In some places it is necessary that only one end of the egg should be cracked; in others the experiment must be tried on each. Bad boys sometimes take the eggs of guinea-hens, which have a much harder shell than those of the common domestic hen, removing the speckles with acids, and thus cheat their comrades. But no fair boy will resort to such a dishonest practice.

ALL-FOOLS DAY.

The custom of sending people on empty errands, and laughing at them, is common in every country in Europe and wherever the European races have settled. Two accounts are given of the origin of All-Fools Day. The Oriental scholars say it is derived from the *huli* feast among the Hindoos, but the older opinion is that it comes from a celebration of Christ's being sent about to and fro between Herod, Pilate, and Caiaphas.

In *Blackwood* for April, 1825, Professor Wilson commences a little poem hitting various public personages with this verse on "the day we celebrate:"

> "This being the first of April, we intend
> To launch out on our theme without a fetter;
> And All-Fools Day to foolery being friend,
> Really the more absurd we are the better:
> The Muse upon a Hunt-the-Gowk we'll send,
> To roam the world at large; in short, we'll let her
> Tread where she lists the pastures of the season,
> Smirk in her sleeve, and crack her thumbs at reason."

In Bayle it is related that Cardan, having found among his father's papers that prayers addressed to the Virgin Mary on the 1st of April, at eight in the morning, were of wonderful efficacy, provided a Paternoster and Ave Maria were added to them, he made use of this rule of devotion on the most pressing occasions, "and found it to answer perfectly well."

The Romans on the 1st of April abstained from pleading causes, and the Roman ladies performed ablutions under myrtle-trees, crowned themselves with its leaves, and offered sacrifices to Venus. This custom originated in a mythological story that as Venus was drying her wetted hair by a river-side she was perceived by satyrs, whose gaze confused her:

> "But soon with myrtles she her beauties veiled,
> From whence this annual custom was entailed."

In an English paper, the *Blackburn Mail*, published in 1810, there is a long poetical account of the "Origin of All-Fool Day," which thus concludes:

> "From Chilkock's Isle, told by some sacred man,
> The story got abroad and reached Japan,
> From thence by story-tellers it was hurled
> Into these islands of the Western World,
> Till, in its progress through the modern school,
> The hallowed forms were turned to ridicule;
> And thus the legend of two thousand years
> The cause of April All-Fool Day appears."

Forty years ago, in England, when buckles were worn on shoes, a boy would meet a person in the street with, "Sir, if you please, your shoe's unbuckled;" and the moment the accosted individual looked toward his feet the informant would cry, "Ah, you April-fool!" Another point of juvenile waggery was, "Sir, there's something *out* of your pocket." "Where?" "There!" "What?" "Your *hand*, Sir—ah, you April-fool!" And this latter burst of wit was made the subject of the accompanying illustration, copied from one of the publications of the time.

Even the ladies in the olden time were not exempted from these jolly raids; as one should say, "Ma'am, I beg pardon, but you've something on your face!" "Indeed, my man! what is it?" "Your nose, ma'am—ah, you April-fool!"

In Portugal it is thought very jocose to pour water on any person who passes, or throw powder in his face, but to do both is the perfection of wit. The Hindoos mark the festival by sending people on errands and expeditions that are to end in disappointment, and raise a laugh at the person sent. In Brand's "Asiatic Researches" it is said that a late Rajah was very fond of making huli fools, though he was a Mussulman of the highest rank. One of the pastimes was to send letters making appointments in the name of persons who were known to be absent, the laugh being always in proportion to the trouble given.

And the youngsters:

> "Then in-door young ones club their wicked wits,
> And also frighten servants into fits:
> 'Oh, John! James! John! oh, quick! oh, Molly, oh!
> Oh, the trap-door! oh, Molly! down below!'
> 'What, what's the matter?' scream, with wild surprise,
> John, James, and Molly, while the young ones' cries
> Redouble till they come; then all the boys
> Shout, 'Ah, you April-fools!' with clamorous noise;
> And little girls, enticed down stairs to see,
> Stand peeping, clap their hands, and cry, 'te-hee!'
> Each gibing boy escapes a different way,
> And meet again some trick 'as good as that' to play."

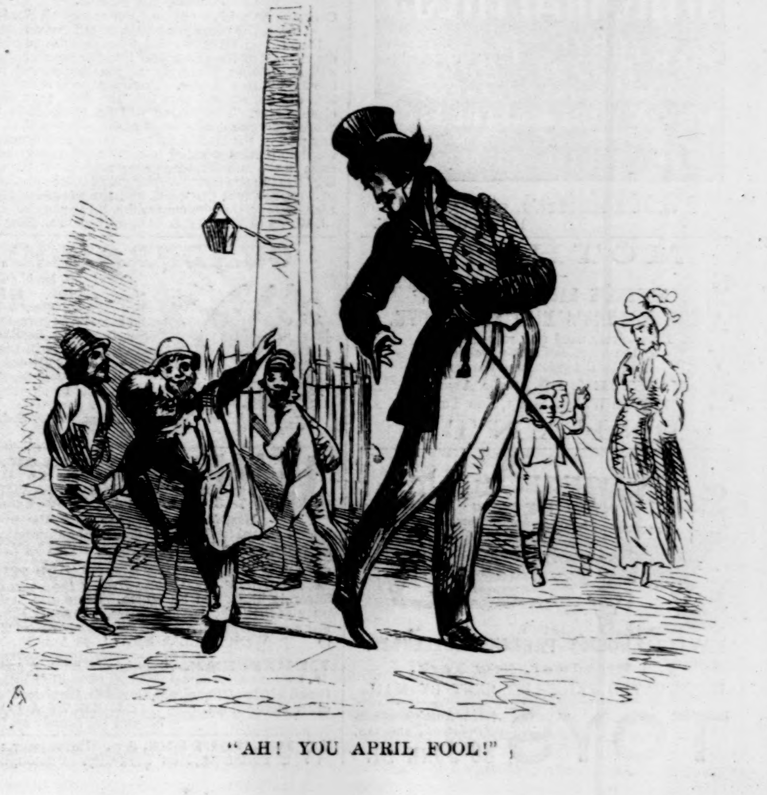
In a number of the *Spectator* which takes for its motto, "Laugh, if you are wise," allusion is thus made to the fooleries of the day: "But this little triumph of the understanding, under the guise of laughter, is nowhere more visible than in the custom which prevails every where among us on the first day of the present month, when every body takes it into his head to make as many fools as he can. In proportion as there are more follies discovered, so there is more laughter raised on this day than on any other in the whole year. A neighbor of mine, who is a haberdasher by trade, and a very shallow, conceited fellow, makes his boast that for these ten years successively he has not made less than a hundred April-fools. My landlady had a falling-out with him about a fortnight ago for sending every one of her children upon some sleeveless errand, as she terms it. Her eldest son went to buy a half-pennyworth of inkle at the shoe-maker's; the eldest daughter was dispatched half a mile to see a monster; and, in short, the whole family of innocent children made April-fools. This empty fellow has laughed upon these conceits ever since. This art of wit is well enough when confined to one day in a twelvemonth; but there is an ingenious tribe of men sprung up of late years who are for making April-fools every day in the year."

In the *Looker-On* is an account of a curious character, a veritable oddity, who, for above forty years, had bent the energies of his little intellect to mischievous exploits. This man was heard complaining that, as All-Fools Day had just happened on a Sunday, he was below *par*. His journal for that of the preceding year was quite plentiful. Thus:

"*1st April*, 1790.—Got up early this morning to prepare for business. Sally still a-bed. Flung the watchman a shilling out of the window to rap at my door and cry fire! Sally started up in a fright, overturned my best wig, which stood in the passage, and ran into the street half naked. Was obliged to give her a shilling to quiet her.

"10 *o'clock*.—Sent a letter to Mr. Plume, the undertaker, telling him that my neighbor, old Frank Fuz, who was married on Monday to his late wife's step-daughter, had died suddenly last night. Saw six of Plume's men go in, and heard old Fuz very loud with them.

"Invited all our club to dine at Deputy Dripping's, and invited him to dine with Alderman



"AH! YOU APRIL FOOL!"

Grub at Hempstead. N.B.—The alderman is on a visit to his son-in-law in Kent.

"12 *o'clock.*—Received an order, in the name of a customer in Essex, for six pounds of snuff, to be sent by the coach. Smoked the bite, and kicked the messenger out of the shop.

"1 *o'clock.*—Afraid Sally would play some trick on me in dressing my dinner, so went to get a steak at a coffee-house. Chalked the waiter's back as he gave me my change. N.B.—Two bad shillings.

"Asked an old woman in Cheapside what was the matter with her hat. She took it off, and while I was calling her April-fool a boy ran off with my handkerchief in his hand.

"Gave Giles, my shop-man, a glass of brandy, which he took for a glass of wine. Giles unable to attend shop next day."

On page 273 we give a spirited and humorous sketch from the pencil of Mr. W. L. SHEPPARD, which tells its own story.

DR. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT is both a palliative and curative in all Lung Complaints, Bronchitis, &c. It is a standard remedy for Coughs and Colds, and needs only a trial to prove its worth.—[*Com.*]

THE GRAND OPERA Co. gave their first Opera to ticket-holders, in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, Tuesday evening, March 19, 1872. Notice will soon be given of other Operas which are to follow. We call attention to the Grand Opera Co.'s advertisement.—[*Com.*]

YOUNG HEADS ON OLD SHOULDERS.—The youth of the hair—in other words, its original color, brilliancy, luxuriance, and elasticity—may be permanently preserved by the use of PHALON'S HAIR INVIGORATOR. Thus the oldest veteran may always wear a young head on his shoulders, and every head be protected against the decay or loss of its natural covering. Sold by all druggists.—[*Com.*]

EVERY GENUINE box of Dr. McLane's Liver Pills bears the signature of FLEMING BROS., Pittsburgh, Pa., and their private United States Stamp. "Take no other"—the market is full of imitations.—[*Com.*]

BUY *Electro Silicon*, a natural production. The best article for polishing Silver, Plated Ware, etc. Sold by Druggists, Jewelers, House-Furnishing, and Grocery Stores.—[*Com.*]

THE best and the cheapest—the famous Halford Leicestershire Table Sauce.—[*Com.*]

THE Sweet, Fixed Oil of the Cocoanut is represented in *Burnett's Cocoaine.*—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES,

AND TAN, USE PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION, the well-known, reliable, and harmless remedy for removing Brown Discolorations of the Face. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by *Druggists.*

CHAPPED HANDS and FACE,

Sore Lips, Dryness of the Skin, &c., &c.,

Cured at once by HEGEMAN'S CAMPHOR ICE WITH GLYCERINE. It keeps the hands soft in all weather. See that you get HEGEMAN'S. Sold by all Druggists. Only 25 cts. By mail for 30 cts. Manufactured only by HEGEMAN & Co., N. Y., P. O. Box 2228.

THE WONDERFUL
WOVEN
WIRE MATTRESS
ASK FOR IT. TRY IT. BUY IT.
MADE ONLY BY THE
WOVEN WIRE MATTRESS CO
HARTFORD, CONN.
FOR SALE BY ALL FURNITURE DEALERS.

Send for Circulars to
G. C. PERKINS, Secretary,
HARTFORD, CONN.

MOTHERS,
SAVE
NESTLÉ'S LACTEOUS FARINA,
THE MOTHER'S MILK SUBSTITUTE.
Extensively used and recommended
by the most eminent physicians.
Sold by Druggists and Grocers.
H. ASTIÉ & CO., Sole Agents,
15 South William Street, New York.
YOUR
INFANTS.

STANDARD AMERICAN BILLIARD TABLES
NEW DESIGN
PAT'D JUNE

H.W.COLLENDER SUCCESSOR TO PHELAN & COLLENDER.
738 Broadway, New York.
ILLUSTRATED PRICE-LIST SENT BY MAIL.

TOYS *All the Novelties at lowest prices at* PARSELLS, 36 John St.

How Vegetine Acts on the Blood.

Our food furnishes material for the growth and nourishment of the body by absorption and assimilation. In like manner Vegetine acts in the cure of disease. When swallowed, it is absorbed, taken up by the veins, and circulated through the system with the blood, reaching the most hidden and remote parts. It is evident, by this direct action, that the whole system must feel the effects of the remedy.

H.W.JOHNS
ASBESTOS
ROOFING

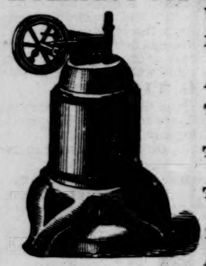
FIRST PREMIUM MEDAL AWARDED IN 1870 AND IN 1871. Indorsed by Certificate from AMERICAN INSTITUTE as
"The Best Article in the Market."
Descriptive Pamphlets, Price-Lists, &c., by mail.
H. W. JOHNS, 78 William St., N. Y.
Established in 1858.

40 Drops of Constitution Water

3 times a day cure
Inflammation of the Kidneys,
Stone in the Bladder,
Catarrh of the Bladder,
Diabetes, Gravel, Gleet,
Brick-Dust Deposit,
Female Complaints,
Dyspepsia, Torpid Liver.
For Sale by all Druggists.

THE YOUNG AMERICA,

A PERFECT TOY STEAM-ENGINE,



With Copper Boiler and Copper Bottom. Manufactured by the BUCKMAN M'F'G CO., 634 Broadway, N. Y.
A Steam Whistle, fitting all toy engines, 15c.
The Young America Engine, by mail, postpaid, $1 50.
The Young America, No. 1, extra, by mail, postpaid, $2 25.
The Little Giant, double cylinder, by mail, postpaid, $3 50.
Mechanical Movements, 25c. to $2 50 each.
Liberal Discount to Trade.

NOVELLO'S CHEAP MUSIC.

NOVELLO'S	Glees, Part Songs, &c.	5c.
NOVELLO'S	Church Music	6c.
NOVELLO'S	Organ Music (Books)	50c.
NOVELLO'S	Piano Music (Books)	50c.
NOVELLO'S	Popular Songs	20c.
NOVELLO'S	Oratorios	50c.
NOVELLO'S	Operas (Vocal Scores)	$1 00
NOVELLO'S	Operas (Piano-forte Solo)	75c.

NOVELLO'S

ORIGINAL OCTAVO EDITION OF OPERAS.
Price $1; or, splendidly bound in Scarlet Cloth, gilt edges, $2.

FIDELIO,
FRA DIAVOLO,
DON GIOVANNI,
NORMA,
LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR,
LUCREZIA BORGIA,
IL TROVATORE,
OBERON,
IL BARBIERE,
LE NOZZE DI FIGARO,
RIGOLETTO,
SOMNAMBULA,
DER FREISCHUTZ,
Tannhauser (next month).

To be continued Monthly.

NOVELLO'S

ORIGINAL OCTAVO EDITION OF ORATORIOS.

Messiah	50c.
Israel in Egypt	50c.
Judas Maccabæus	50c.
Creation	50c.
Stabat Mater	60c.
Acis and Galatea	60c.
Mozart's Twelfth Mass	75c.
Elijah	$1 00

ALL THE POPULAR WORKS OF THE GREAT MASTERS AT THE SAME LOW PRICES.

ASK FOR NOVELLO'S EDITIONS.

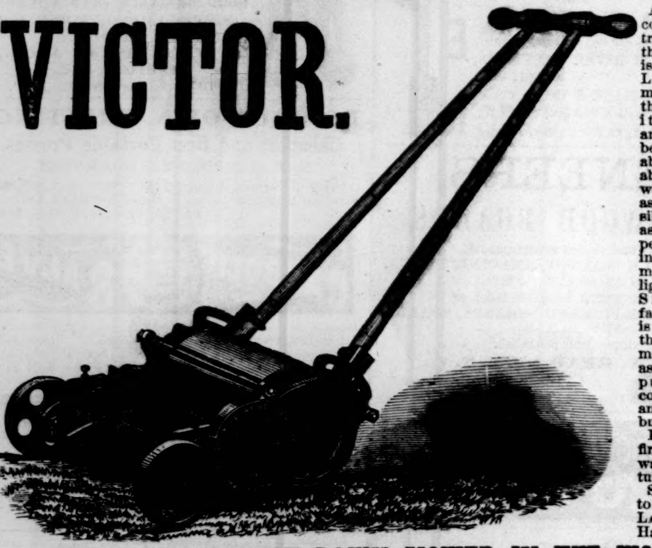
SEND FOR CATALOGUE AND LISTS TO
NOVELLO, EWER, & CO.,
751 Broadway, New York.

ATTENTION! LADIES!!

Mrs. C. G. PARKER makes PURCHASES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION for ladies, at a moderate charge. Refers, by permission, to Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., 713 Broadway; Mr. James McCall, 543 Broadway; Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D.D., New York City. For Circular (free), address Mrs. C. G. PARKER,
713 Broadway, New York City.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.—A. A. MARKS, 575 Broadway, N. Y. City, Inventor and U. S. Gov't Manf'r of FIRST PREMIUM Artificial Limbs, with Rubber Hands and Feet. Send for Illustrated Pamphlet, free

VICTOR.



A glance at the accompanying illustration will show that the "Victor" is the handsomest Lawn-Mower made. It is also the most simple in its construction, and, all its parts being interchangeable, the most durable. It will cut wet grass as well as dry. It is impossible for it to clog, as all its gears are perfectly inclosed in the frame of the machine. Draught light. IT IS A SELF-SHARPENER; in fact, the "Victor" is so incomparably the best machine made that all we ask an intending purchaser is to compare it with any other before buying.

For sale by all first-class hardware and agricultural houses.

Send for circular to the ARBEITER LAWN-MOWER Co., Hartford, Conn.

THE ONLY PERFECT LAWN-MOWER IN THE WORLD.

"THE GREAT LIGHTNING INK ERASER,"

Patented Jan. 16, 1872,
Contains no acid or poison. For sale at all Stationers.
Price, **50** cents per bottle, or **$3** per dozen.

Directions: To remove ink from paper or parchment, dip the end of the pen-holder into the bottle, and apply *without rubbing.* When the ink has disappeared, absorb the fluid with a blotter. To remove stains from laces, &c., dip the stained part into the fluid, then rinse in clean water. The Eraser will be shipped, in boxes containing one dozen or more, by express, C. O. D., to any part of the United States. Great inducements offered to parties wishing to purchase territory and engage in the manufacture of the Eraser. Parties wishing to make the above arrangement will have a margin of four hundred per cent., and the exclusive right of his territory, thereby controlling all the trade.
J. W. TALLMADGE & CO., 48 Broad St., New York.

CUNDURANGO.

TRADE MARK
Registered Nov. 1871

Supply of bark assured; price reduced. **Bliss, Keene, & Co.'s Fluid Extract** cures Cancer, Scrofula, Syphilis, Rheumatism, Ulcers, Skin Diseases, and all Blood Diseases. *The best-known Blood Purifier.* Sold by all druggists. Price, $3 per bottle. OFFICE, No. 60 Cedar St., New York.

MAGIC FOR the PARLOR. Send a stamp for a price-list. HARTZ CONJURING REPOSITORY, **743 Broadway, New York.** Hartz's Magic Euchre Pack, the most astounding card tricks can be done without practice. $2, post free, with a Book of Tricks arranged by M. Hartz.

TAKE NOTICE OF THIS. ODD FELLOWSHIP EXPOSED. *The greatest Burlesque hit yet.* Superbly illustrated by Worth. Same size, style, and price as that other great success, "Masonry Exposed." For sale by newsmen, on all railroads, or send 25 cents to WINCHELL & SMALL, 48 Ann St., N. Y.

FURNITURE.—Drawings, Sketches, and Illustrations sent on application, by mail or otherwise, for all kinds of Furniture, Curtains, Lambrequins, and other Decorations. G. L. KELTY & CO.,
722 and 724 Broadway, N. Y.

WIGS, TOUPEES, &c. DOUBLEDAY, maker, 96 Fulton St., New York City. "Enough said."

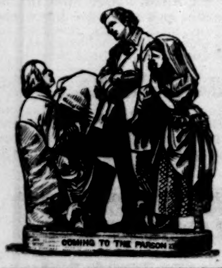
GRAND OPERA Given throughout the United States.

$400,000 00

Distributed among ticket holders. First prize, $75,000 00 in gold. Every one receives the full value of his money, with chance of a fortune. A handsome gift with every ticket at the time of purchase.

TWENTY THOUSAND GIFTS.

Send for Circular to
GRAND OPERA CO.,
129 Fulton St., New York.
STOREKEEPERS WANTED AS AGENTS.



ROGERS'
Groups of
STATUARY,
FROM
$10 to $25.
Inclose stamp for
Illustrated Catalogue
and Price-List
to
JOHN ROGERS,
212 FIFTH AVE.,
NEW YORK.

Boker's Bitters! Boker's Bitters!

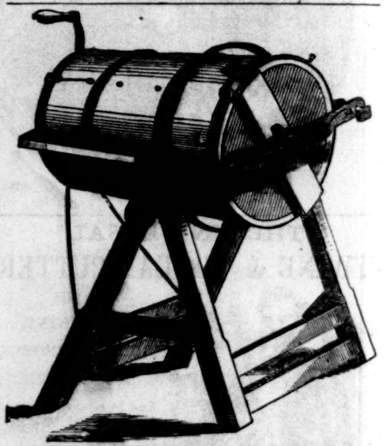
Nobody should be without a bottle of

"BOKER'S BITTERS,"

Since an experience of more than 45 years has *proved* them to be **BY FAR the BEST and most EFFICACIOUS Stomach Bitters,** as well as a very agreeable and pleasant cordial. *Beware of Counterfeits,* and buy *only* of respectable houses.
L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Agent,
P. O. Box 1029. **66 Liberty St., New York.**

20 PIECES OF MUSIC for ONE DOLLAR.—Why buy high-priced Music when you can select from our Catalogue of over 600 pieces? Any 20 pieces of Sheet Music, printed on splendid paper, arranged for the piano, will be mailed on receipt of $1. Catalogues free. Address BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, Publisher, 439 Third Avenue, N. Y.

BREECH LOADERS.
JOHN W. HUTCHINSON,
77 Chambers St., N. Y.
GUNS, PISTOLS, &c.



TINGLEY'S PATENT
HORIZONTAL
ICE-CREAM FREEZER

Is recommended for FAMILIES, HOTELS, SALOONS, and WHOLESALE MANUFACTURERS

As the best Ice-Cream Freezer in the market.

It saves ICE,
Saves TIME,
Saves LABOR,

And produces the finest quality of Cream known to the Art.

Send for Descriptive Catalogue.
CHAS. G. BLATCHLEY, Manufacturer,
506 COMMERCE STREET,
Philadelphia, Pa.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING!

WITH A

NOVELTY JOB PRINTING-PRESS,

Which still maintains its reputation as the most valuable addition to the **Business Office;** the most efficient instructor in **Schools;** the most fascinating and instructive amusement in the **Family,** and unsurpassed for **General Job Printing.**

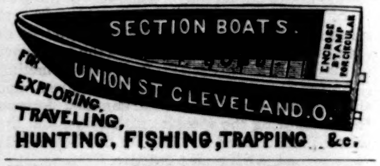
Send for Illustrated Pamphlet to
BENJ. O. WOODS, Manufacturer, 351 Federal St., Boston, Mass. J. F. EDWARDS, St. Louis, Mo.; W. Y. EDWARDS, 543 Broadway, New York; KELLEY, HOWELL, & LUDWIG, 917 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.; A. C. KELLOGG, 172 W. Washington Street, Chicago, Ill., Agents.

ORIENT SAFETY LAMPS,

Entirely of metal, are the only lamps in use which can neither break, leak, nor explode. Are ornamental and cheap. Adapted to all household uses; also, to stores, factories, churches, &c.

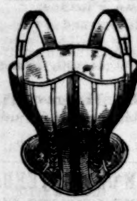
AGENTS MAKE $10 A DAY
SELLING THESE LAMPS.
Manufactured by
WALLACE & SONS,
89 Chambers St., New York.

WANTED—A young gentleman competent to write editorials for a daily newspaper. He must be well educated, a quick and ready writer, well posted in history and in American and European politics. Address, for three days,
Box 1607, N. Y. Post-Office.



Choice Flower SEEDS! Selected Garden SEEDS! Fresh Tree SEEDS!
Annuals, collection 25 choice sorts, $1; 12 sorts, 50c.
Early Concord Corn, pint, 25c. Butter Beans, qt., 50c.
Wethersfield Onion, lb., $2; ½ lb., $1 25; Calycanthus, qt., $1; Ey. Rose Potatoes, bush., $2.
Peach, bu., $2; bbl., $4. Apple, Osage Orange, bu., $12.
Seed and Plant Catalogue, 112 pages, Illustrated, 10c.
F. K. PHOENIX, Bloomington, Illinois.

MADAME FOY'S CORSET SKIRT SUPPORTER



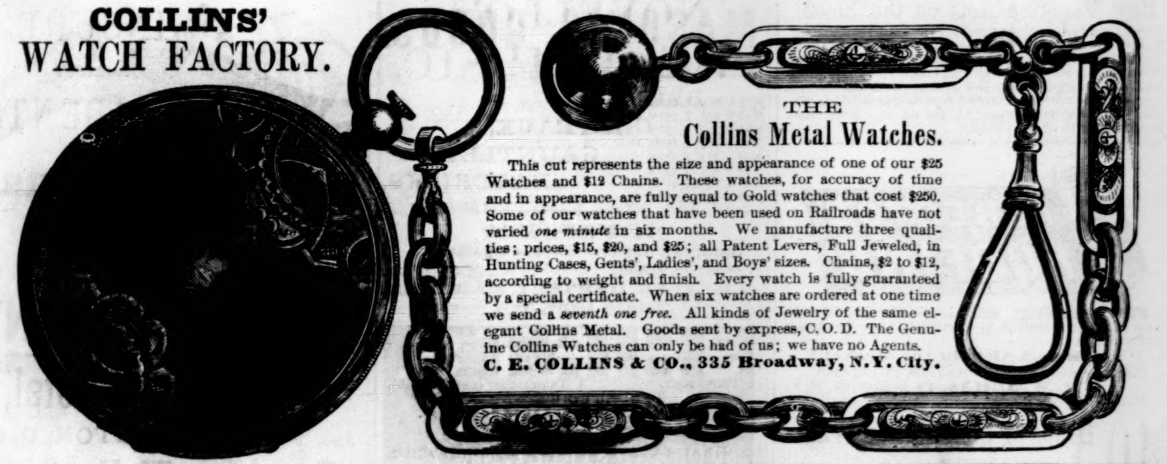
Is acknowledged **THE BEST ARTICLE** of the kind ever made. **Numerous Testimonials** in its favor are being received from all parts of the United States.

LADY AGENTS WANTED.
HARMON, BALDWIN, & FOY,
Sole Manufacturers,
New Haven, Conn.
ARNOLD & BANNING, New York;
D. B. FISK & Co., Chicago,
Agents.

ORCHESTRAL, MEDIUM, & COLIBRI MATHUSHEK PIANO-FORTES.

Acknowledged the best in the world for tone, touch, and durability. Descriptive Pamphlets free. Address MATHUSHEK PIANO M'F'G. CO, New Haven, Conn.

COLLINS' WATCH FACTORY.



THE

Collins Metal Watches.

This cut represents the size and appearance of one of our $25 Watches and $12 Chains. These watches, for accuracy of time and in appearance, are fully equal to Gold watches that cost $250. Some of our watches that have been used on Railroads have not varied *one minute* in six months. We manufacture three qualities; prices, $15, $20, and $25; all Patent Levers, Full Jeweled, in Hunting Cases, Gents', Ladies', and Boys' sizes. Chains, $2 to $12, according to weight and finish. Every watch is fully guaranteed by a special certificate. When six watches are ordered at one time we send a *seventh one free*. All kinds of Jewelry of the same elegant Collins Metal. Goods sent by express, C. O. D. The Genuine Collins Watches can only be had of us; we have no Agents.

C. E. COLLINS & CO., 335 Broadway, N.Y. City.

THE UNIVERSAL TWINE & THREAD CUTTER

"*I would not be without it.*"

SAVES

TIME, TWINE,

THREAD, FINGERS,

AND TEETH,

And is all combined in a convenient and neat little device, which is worn (like a badge) on the coat, vest, or lady's dress or work-basket. It is received with unbounded favor by all Merchants, Clerks, and Salesmen in Dry Goods, Grocery, Hardware, Drug, Boot and Shoe, and all other business where thread or twine is used.

Its unprecedented sale is its best recommendation.

A CUTTER WILL BE MAILED TO ANY ADDRESS ON RECEIPT OF 25 CTS., AND IF NOT SATISFIED THE MONEY WILL BE RETURNED.

T. B. DOOLITTLE & CO., 599 Broadway, N. Y.

Splendid inducements to Agents and the Trade.
Be sure and send for one.

A GIFT

WORTHY OF A ROTHSCHILD

Is **Brown's Shaksperian Almanac** for 1872. It fairly glows with quotations and illustrations from the Bard of Avon. Its principal features, however, are the Seven Cuts illustrating the Ghost Scene in Macbeth, and an illumined Frontispiece representing King Lear battling with the storm; Young America running into the easy, weedy ways of life, &c., &c. Twelve or fifteen copies of this work will be sent free and prepaid by mail to any person who will judiciously distribute them in his locality. Address

Dr. O. PHELPS BROWN,
21 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.

No Cords or Balances Used.

For Sale by Upholsterers.

HARTSHORN'S
SELF ACTING
SHADE ROLLERS.
PAT. OCT. 11TH 64.

486 Broadway,

Cor. Broome Street, N. Y. City.

MODELS AND TERMS

Sent to the Trade.

DON'T BUY

Until you have seen our new bed and platen printing-press, styled **The Young America**, warranted the best cheap printing-press in the world for the amateur and the general job printer. Address, for circular, ADAMS PRESS CO., 53 Murray St., N. Y., and 8 Province St., Boston.

CURLING COMBS AND CURLIQUE "HUMBUGS EXPOSED." Are you a victim of the TRICKS AND TRAPS OF AMERICA? Has any "Gift Swindle" or "Enterprise" "caught" you? Have you cut your eye-teeth with a "curling comb?" Finally, do you wish to KNOW all about Swindles, Humbugs, and Quacks? If so, read the STAR-SPANGLED BANNER, enlarged and improved, *Ledger* size. Only 75 cts. a year, and superb chromo free. Address, and receive it a whole year,

STAR-SPANGLED BANNER, Hinsdale, N. H.

AGENTS WANTED FOR

SIGHTS AND SENSATIONS OF NEW YORK.

A Work Descriptive of the City of New York in all its Various Phases.

Its splendors and wretchedness; its high and low life; its marble palaces and dark dens; its attractions and dangers; its rings and frauds; its leading men and politicians; its adventurers; its charities; its mysteries and crimes.

Illustrated with Nearly 250 Fine Engravings.

Send for Circulars, and see our terms and a full description of the work. Address

NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

CATARRH & DEAFNESS, CURE GUARANTEED.

FOR DEAFNESS—the PATENT ORGANIC VIBRATOR It fits into the Ear, is not perceptible, removes Singing Noises in the Head, and enables Deaf Persons to hear distinctly at Church or Public Assemblies. Treatise on Deafness and Catarrh, with Means of Cure, sent free. DR. T. HUNT STILWELL,
13 Clinton Place, 8th St., N. Y.

HOME SEWING MACHINE

This Unequalled Machine
USES A STRAIGHT NEEDLE,
HAS THE UNDER FEED,
MAKES THE "LOCK STITCH,"
Is Simple, Reliable, and Durable.

WE CHALLENGE COMPETITION.

Agents wanted where we are not represented. For further particulars, address JOHNSON, CLARK & CO., BOSTON, MASS., PITTSBURGH, PA., CHICAGO, ILL., or ST. LOUIS, MO.

GENERAL AGENTS.

PENDLETON BROS.	Portland, Me.
CLARK & PRESCOTT,	Boston, Mass.
CAREY BROS. & WILCOX,	New York.
D. G. MAXWELL,	Charlotte, N. C.
S. C. PHILLIPS,	Norfolk, Va.
T. L. BISSELL,	Charleston, S. C.
STUBBS & HARVEY,	Fort Deposit, Ala.
KNOWLES & CONNER,	Louisville, Ky.
E. W. HAINES,	San Francisco, Cal.
G. W. TRAVER,	Portland, Oregon.

BUILDING PAPER

FOR
SHEATHING,
PLASTERING,
ROOFING,
DEAFENING,
AND
CARPET LINING.

Samples and circulars sent free, by
ROCK RIVER PAPER CO.,
Chicago; or,
B. E. HALE & CO.,
22 & 24 Frankfort St., N. Y.,
Sole Ag'ts for Eastern States.

VENEERS,

HARDWOOD BOARDS,

Large and choice assortment of
FRENCH BLACK WALNUT, AMBOINE, THUYA, HUNGARIAN ASH;
Together with a complete stock of
DOMESTIC FINE-FIGURED VENEERS, BOARDS, AND PLANK.

☞ Send for catalogue and price-list.

GEO. W. READ & CO., N. Y.,
170 & 172 Centre Street.
Factory, 186 to 200 Lewis St., between 5th and 6th Sts.

WHALEBONE CORSET CLASPS
SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS
I. J. SALOMON
145 GRAND ST
N.Y.

Jos. Gillott

STEEL PENS.

American Branch of House,
91 JOHN ST., New York.
JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS.
HENRY OWEN, Sole Agent.

PORTABILITY combined with great power in FIELD, MARINE, TOURISTS', OPERA, and general out-door day and night double perspective glasses; will show objects distinctly at from two to six miles. Spectacles of the greatest power, to strengthen and improve the sight without the distressing result of frequent changes. Catalogues sent by inclosing stamp. SEMMONS, OCULISTS' OPTICIAN, 687 Broadway, N. Y.

A Great Offer.—HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway, N. Y., will dispose of One Hundred PIANOS, MELODEONS, and ORGANS, of six first-class makers, including Waters', at EXTREMELY LOW PRICES, FOR CASH, DURING THIS MONTH, or will take a portion cash and balance in monthly or quarterly installments.

Paralysis.

Full Instructions for Home Treatment. Address R. N. TOOKER, M.D., 117 East Fifth St., Cincinnati, O.

SAVE 20 DOLLARS.

BUY the CELEBRATED **WILSON SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE.** The best in the World. For Sale Everywhere. AGENTS WANTED in unoccupied Territory. For Illustrated Circulars, Address, WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO., Cleveland, O.; St. Louis, Mo.; Phila., Pa.; or, 707 Broadway, N. Y.

MAGNETIC TIME-KEEPER, COMPASS AND INDICATOR. A perfect GEM for the pocket of every traveller, trader, boy, farmer, and for EVERYBODY desiring a reliable time-keeper, and also a superior compass. Usual watch-size, steel works, glass crystal, all in a neat OROIDE case. WARRANTED to denote correct time and to keep in order—if fairly used—for two years. *Nothing like it!* This perfect triumph of mechanism will be sent in a neat case, prepaid to any address, for only $1; 3 for $2. Circulars sent free. Try one. Order from the Sole American Agents, KING & CO., Brattleboro, Vt.

RIVERVIEW **Military Academy**, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. A thorough-going school for boys.

IOWA FARMING LANDS.

THE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND, & PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY

Is now offering for sale to actual settlers more than

500,000 ACRES

of the finest and most desirable Farming Lands in the West.

The lands are chiefly situated along the line of its railroad between the cities of Des Moines and Council Bluffs, and are the most fertile and accessible lands offered for sale at low prices in the State. Prices will range from $5 per acre, the average being about $7 or $8.

Sales are made either for cash or on short or long time, so as to suit all purchasers. Full warranty deeds given.

EXPLORING TICKETS,

entitling the purchaser of land to a credit of amount paid for fare upon his land, are for sale at the principal ticket offices of the Company.

For pamphlet (with map), or any information regarding the lands, address

J. L. DREW, Land Commissioner,
Davenport, Iowa.

PORTABLE

SODA FOUNTAINS,

$40, $50, $75, & $100.
GOOD, DURABLE, AND CHEAP!
SHIPPED READY FOR USE.
Manufactured by
J. W. CHAPMAN & CO.,
Madison, Ind.
☞ Send for Circular. ☜

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING.

Cheapest and Best Portable Presses.

MEN AND BOYS MAKING MONEY.

Price of Presses, $8, $12, $16; Offices, $15, $20, $30. Send for a circular to LOWE PRESS CO.,
15 Spring Lane, Boston, Mass.

CARBOLIC C.S. SALVE
HEALING COMPOUND

Beautifies the complexion by removing Pimples and all other disagreeable disorders of the skin. Twenty-five cents per box. JOHN F. HENRY, Sole Proprietor, No. 8 College Place, New York.

THE HOLDER CONTAINS THE INK

HAWKES' PATENT FOUNTAIN PEN writes ten hours. Holder fits any pen. By mail, 50c., $1 00; Rubber, $1 50, $3 00, and $3 50. Pens repaired, 50c.
G. HAWKES, 66 Nassau St., N. Y.

STAMMERING.—*Drs. White & Oatman*, 402 4th Av. References from clergymen in this city. No pay until cured. Send for Circular.

PRICE $290.
U. S.

You ask WHY we can sell First Class 7 octave Pianos for **$290**? We answer—It costs less than $300 to make any $600 Piano sold through Agents, all of whom make 100 per ct. profit. We have no Agents, but ship direct to families at Factory price, and warrant Five Years. Send for illustrated circular, in which we refer to 300 Bankers, Merchants, &c. (some of whom you may know), using our Pianos in 40 States and Territories. **U. S. Piano Co., 865 Broadway, New York.**

AGENTS WANTED. The only complete life of

JAMES FISK.

Containing a full account of all his schemes, enterprises and assassination. Biographies of Vanderbilt, Drew and other great R.R. and Financial magnates. GREAT FRAUDS of the TAMMANY RING. Brilliant pen pictures in the LIGHTS and SHADOWS of New-York Life. JOSIE MANSFIELD *the siren*. Life of **EDWARD S. STOKES**, Illustrated octavo of over 500 pages. Send $1.00 for outfit, and secure territory at once. Circulars free. UNION PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Chicago or Cincinnati.

AGENTS make $20 a DAY

Selling our Patent Button-Hole Cutter, with silver case; 25 cents; will last a lifetime; cuts 20 Correct Button-Holes a minute, any size. Patent Fountain Pen and XX Yosemite Gold Pens. Samples of all, with Circulars, postpaid, for 25 cents. CITY NOVELTY CO., 404 Library St., Philadelphia, Pa.

$100 to 250 per month guaranteed sure to Agents every where, selling our new seven-strand WHITE PLATINA CLOTHES LINES. Sells readily at every house. Samples free. Address the GIRARD WIRE MILLS, Philadelphia, Pa.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED.

For particulars, address AVERY BILL, Care Harper & Brothers, 331 Pearl St., New York.

MONEY Easily made with our Stencil and Key-Check Outfit. Circulars free. STAFFORD M'F'G CO., 66 Fulton St., N. Y.

MONEY MADE RAPIDLY with Stencil and Key-Check Outfits. Catalogues, samples, and full particulars FREE. S. M. SPENCER, Brattleboro, Vt.

AGENTS Wanted.—Agents make more money at work for us than at anything else. Particulars free. G. STINSON & CO., *Fine Art Publishers*, Portland, Maine.

AGENTS WANTED to sell articles needed by every one. Address PLUMB & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

$42 A WEEK.—Ladies and Gentlemen wanted for Agents. C. P. WINSLOW & Co., Rochester, N.Y.

Breech-Loading SHOT-GUNS,

Rifles, Pistols, & Metallic Cartridges.

SCHUYLER, HARTLEY, & GRAHAM,

Send for Circulars. **19 Maiden Lane, N.Y.**

GAS SUNLIGHT APPARATUS

Gives a large INCREASE OF LIGHT, MELLOW AND PLEASANT; NO HEAT; SAVES GAS. Send for circular to BERFORD & JOHNSON, Sole M'f'rs, 1193 Broadway, N. Y. Agents wanted. County and State Rights for sale.

$425 A MONTH! Horse and Carriage furnished. Expenses paid. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.

Franklin Square, N. Y., March 23, 1872.

Harper & Brothers' Latest Publications.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for APRIL, 1872.

THE ADVENTURES OF OLIVER TWIST. By CHARLES DICKENS. With Portrait of Author, and 28 Illustrations by J. Mahoney. 8vo, Paper, 50 cts.; Cloth, $1 00.

MUSIC AND MORALS. By Rev. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A. With Illustrations and Diagrams. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75.

CECIL'S TRYST. A Novel. By the Author of "Bred in the Bone," "Won—Not Wooed," "Carlyon's Year," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

MUNSON'S PHONOGRAPHY. The Complete Phonographer: being an Inductive Exposition of Phonography, with its Application to all Branches of Reporting, and affording the Fullest Instruction to those who have not the Assistance of an Oral Teacher; also intended as a School-Book. By JAMES E. MUNSON, Official Stenographer to the Surrogate's Court of New York. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

THE LOVELS OF ARDEN. A Novel. By M. E. BRADDON, Author of "Fenton's Quest," "Dead-Sea Fruit," "Birds of Prey," "Eleanor's Victory," "Charlotte's Inheritance," "Aurora Floyd," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

PRIME'S TRAVELS. Around the World. By EDWARD D. G. PRIME, D.D. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.

POOR MISS FINCH. A Novel. By WILKIE COLLINS, Author of "Man and Wife," "No Name," "Woman in White," "The Moonstone," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, $1 00.

TWENTY YEARS AGO. From the Journal of a Girl in her Teens. Edited by the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." 16mo, Cloth, 90 cents. (Being Vol. III. of the Series "Books for Girls," and uniform with "Little Sunshine's Holiday" and "The Cousin from India.")

BARNES'S NOTES ON THE NEW TESTAMENT. New Edition. Revised, with Maps and Illustrations. The following volumes are now ready: *Gospels*, 2 vols.; *Acts*, 1 vol.; *Romans*, 1 vol.; *First Corinthians*, 1 vol.; *Second Corinthians and Galatians*, 1 vol. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50 per vol.

LIBRARY EDITION OF MISS MULOCK'S WORKS. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50 per vol.

Hannah.—Olive.—Ogilvies.—The Head of the Family.—John Halifax.—Agatha's Husband.—A Life for a Life.—Two Marriages.—Christian's Mistake.—A Noble Life.—A Hero.—Studies from Life.—The Fairy Book.—Unkind Word.—Mistress and Maid.

PATTY. A Novel. By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send any of their works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE *mailed free on receipt of Six Cents in postage stamps.*

TERMS for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE,	One Year......	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY,	One Year......	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR,	One Year......	4 00

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00.

An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, *or* BAZAR *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* FIVE SUBSCRIBERS *at* $4 00 *each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for* $20 00, *without extra copy.*

The Postage within the United States is for the MAGAZINE 24 cents a year, for the WEEKLY or BAZAR 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the MAGAZINE, or 20 cents for the WEEKLY or BAZAR, to prepay the U. S. postage.

The Volumes of the MAGAZINE commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

The Volumes of the WEEKLY and BAZAR commence with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

When the subscriber's address is to be changed, both the old and new one must be given.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of HARPER & BROTHERS is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING IN HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine.—Whole Page, $500; Half Page, $250; Quarter Page, $150—each insertion.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, $1 50 per Line; Outside Page, $2 50 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, $1 25 per Line—each insertion.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.